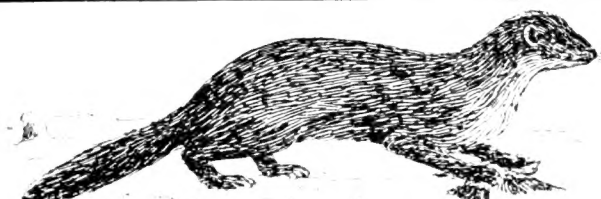


EXPERIENCES *of a* TRAPPER
and HUNTER
from YOUTH *to* OLD AGE
By T. ALEXANDER



EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER
FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE
By ^{Tony} T. ALEXANDER

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By Tony Alexander, Linnton, Oregon

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There have been many articles and stories written on the subject of Trapping and Hunting, some of which have advanced some very good ideas. But I don't believe they have gone deep enough into the minute details and made it clear enough for the average reader to readily grasp their idea. Especially the amateur Hunter and Trapper.

I was a natural born Hunter and Trapper, making the nature and habits of animals my study from early youth until I was an old man. Forty-two years of my life has been spent on the trap line and I have captured thousands of animals, therefore I feel capable of giving some real light on this subject, even to the professional Hunter and Trapper and those who desire to live in the great open. There is a great future in raising the fur-bearing animals.

T. ALEXANDER.



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THE TRAPPER

Dedicated to
T. ALEXANDER

A Hunter and a Trapper's life,
I've followed all my life long through.
I learned by heart and now impart,
The knowledge I have gained to you.

The furs which deck my Lady's neck
I found them high on snow-clad hills,
In forest shade, by rocky glade,
And, too, by softly running rills.

Mink, Martin, Beaver, Otter too,
I found them by cool forest streams.
The deer and bear, I found them where
The morning rays o'er mountains gleam.

In trapping on the animals' trail
And hunting through the wooded glen,
I learned this truth in early youth,
That nature is kind to nature's men.

By Mrs. Lillie McEvers.

I N D E X

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

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EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER I.

The first thing I remember was my father, Captain D. W. Alexander of Chapel Hill, Tennessee, coming home from the Civil War. He was about the most ragged man I ever saw, one of his pants legs was ripped from his ankle to his thigh, he had whiskers all over his face and his deep blue eyes were shining like stars. This impression as I hid myself behind my mother's coat-tail in fear, I have never forgotten.

The first I can remember of my mother is her sitting at a spinning wheel; I thought it would be fun to run into her thread, but when I put my thoughts into action I got all tangled up and mother took me by the arm, untangled me, gave me a scold and a shake, followed by a slap on the side of the head and told me to stay out of her thread. Thinking things had gone far enough, I swelled up at her like a toad and scolded at mother—at that stage of the game she gave me a none too gentle spanking and ordered me to go out in the yard to play. As old Guard, our old yellow cur dog, came around the house just about this time and I being mad anyway, I took a firm hold on both of his ears, mounted him and endeavored to ride. He gave a swift trot, which overbalanced me and I tumbled off, never, however, letting go of his ears, which, of course, hurt. This raised old Guard's Irish and he snapped at me, his teeth went clear through my right ear, leaving a scar which I carry to this day.

Another fond recollection of my boyhood was a little nigger about my age, known as my nigger Jim. We had many happy days playing together. In those days we did not wear pants as little boys of today but we wore long white shirts in the summer and stripped Balmoral woolen goods like the women of those days wore, in the winter.

One day Jim and I were sitting near the root of a tree in the orchard, feasting on some fine peaches, when all at once our attention was attracted by a frog that was jumping as far and as fast as he could; just at that instant, there came a large black racer snake right in behind the frog. Jim was so frightened that he jumped and made for the house, running so fast that his shirt-tail stood straight out be-

hind so high that his head could not be seen. He scaled two high rail fences, barely touching them, and all the time screaming at the top of



his voice. I didn't see anything to be afraid of but my nigger seemed to look at it from a different angle.

One day Jim and I were down to my father's still house, which was about a mile from the dwelling house, when four men drove up dressed in blue clothes trimmed in brass buttons; they poured out all the beer mash and whisky. The hogs and cows pounced on it, considering it a fine feed; they all got drunk and fell around the same as drunken men do. When I asked my father if he was running a wild-cat still he ignored my question.

My first hunting days were with Jim, hunting the rusty lizards. I used to take Jim and get him to walk on one side and I would walk on the other of an old rail fence. When a lizard would show up I would throw a rock at him; should I miss he would turn toward Jim's side of the fence and Jim would rock the lizard until one of us would knock him out. We would then string our lizards, take them home and call them our squirrels. This hunting we kept up off and on for two or three years, until one day I missed the lizard with the rock and struck my nigger on the head, cutting a big gash clear to the bone. Naturally he set up a howl and by the time we got to the house his white shirt was red with blood. Old Cindy, his mother, came out, threw her hands in the air and said, "Law, nigga, what is de matta?" Jim, almost too frightened to speak, pointed an accusing finger at me and between screams told of me hitting him with the rock. Old Cindy shook a threatening finger as she warned, "You chilluns let dis be de las' time youuns goes huntin' lizards; dat boy will kill you wid a rock some day." This, of course, ended our lizard hunting, thereafter we chose the safer sport of hunting rabbits with dogs.

There was old Guard, who I had never quite forgiven for biting my ear, though it was well deserved; old Drum, a long-eared hound, and old Music and her pups.

We would take these dogs day after day and hunt rabbits. I remember one day the dogs treed a rabbit in a sink hole where there

had been a lot of logs thrown in the hole. I rolled down in the sink hole and could see the rabbit hiding between the logs; I reached under the logs, caught him by the hind leg and pulled him out. He began to squeel and the dogs grabbed him, one would pull one way and another the other, and all the time I hung onto the hind leg until they threw me down and divided the rabbit between themselves, all except the one hind leg which I still held firmly in my hand.

Jim helped me out of the sink hole and we started dejectedly for the house; about half way we met Cindy, she looked at my blood-stained hands and said, "What dat you boys got?" We both tried to explain at once that it was a rabbit's leg. "Why didn't you bring all dat rabbit?" I explained that the dogs took it; we had no choice. She shook her head in disgust. "You all am fine hunta's, let the dogs take youse rabbits." Jim, bound to be in the right, replied: "Mammy, dey was de dogs' rabbit we had—we took one leg though."

As we hunted rabbits more we learned to twist them out of the holes with a stick as well as how to smoke them out, when conditions were favorable. Once in awhile in the day time the dogs would tree an opossum. I can remember the first time they treed one—I climbed the tree and shook it down and the dogs chased it, biting it almost into a pulp, however, Jim and I rescued what was left of it and proudly lit out for home. We went straight for old Cindy's cabin, she saw us running and came to the door to meet us. "What's dat you debils got?"

"A possum, mammy, a possum."

Cindy commended us by saying: "I does believe you boys 'll be hunta's yet; bring him in and let me scald him."

She had hot water and very soon Mr. Oppossum was in the dishpan with scalding water running over him and she quickly slipped off all the hair, then she took him out doors to leave him for the night, to freeze, promising us opossum and sweet potatoes the next day.

Jim and I were at Cindy's cabin bright and early and we hung around until Cindy came to the door with the message that our opossum was ready to eat; in we rushed and seated ourselves on the wooden bench in front of the crude table, forgetting to even take off our hats. Cindy looked at us, endeavoring to act dignified, and said: "Boys, pull off your hats, ain't youse got no manners?"

Off went our hats and Cindy proceeded to heap our plates with opossum and sweet potatoes and we set to.

If you readers have never seen a nigger eat opossum and sweet potatoes you have missed half of your life—they get grease from above the eyes to below their chin.

Jim and I were good sized boys, 8 or 10 years old, at this first opossum feast. We soon found that night was the time to hunt opossum, so we went often after that, with good success, sometimes catching two or three in a few hours' hunt.

Often our dogs would tree raccoons, or "Coons" as we always called them, and as I will now call them, but they usually climbed large trees, too large for us to climb or cut. One night they happened to tree a coon up a persimmon tree that I could climb. I scaled the

tree and the old coon climbed to the extreme top branches of the tree; I followed to within a few feet of him and began to shake the tree. I would shake and shake until my strength was exhausted and when I

would stop to rest the coon would look down, ring his tail and make a chattering noise, as if to say, "I have a good notion to jump on your head."

After I had gained my wind I gave the tree another vigorous shake which shook the coon loose, all except one foot, but I couldn't hold out, I had to stop for another breath, which gave the coon an opportunity to regain his footing, and he scampered down the tree, jumped on my head, down my back and to the ground. The minute he touched the ground the dogs were on him. I could hear him squealing and the dogs growling as I slid down the tree, but I could hear nothing of Jim.

By the time I reached the ground the dogs had the coon almost killed, I called Jim and he answered from about 50 yards away. I asked him what he was doing out there, he replied:

"I is up dis tree, dats where I is; do you think I is goin' to stay on de groun' where dem dogs and coon am fightin'?"

This was our first coon, but not our last one; we often caught all the coons and opossums we could carry.

When I was about 12 years old my father moved from Marshall

County, Tennessee, to Murray County, near Columbia. This, of course, separated me and my nigger Jim, which was a sad affair for both of us.

My father owned and operated what was known as the White Spring Distillery. This thing ran day and night and I had to carry the night crew their suppers, about one-half mile distance, through pitch darkness usually. A large oak tree stood by the side of the trail I had to travel, under which, at one time, an old tramp had stopped to rest and the next morning was found dead, due of course to heart failure, but the negroes claimed they had seen some fearful haunts or ghosts under this tree and such weird tales had been told



about events happening under the old tree that while I was not particularly afraid of haunts, still, being a boy of 12, I must admit I would give several furtive glances over my shoulder each night as I passed the spot and I think my heart would give several extra beats.

One night as I was passing this tree, cautiously as usual, I thought I could see something moving under it. My heart started beating a little faster and all the weird stories I had heard flashed through my mind, however, I collected all my courage together, prepared myself for anything and bravely advanced on the light object that was still moving back and forth under the old oak tree. As I grew nearer the object loomed larger, more shapeless, still, though my heart was beating faster and faster, my curiosity drew me on a little closer, then as I was within a few feet of the large white object it suddenly turned, facing me—our old white cow. You can imagine my relief, but this is a fair sample of the haunts that used to scare our negroes. If my nigger Jim or some other negro had been in my place that night he would have ran for the house as fast as he could and another weird story would have originated about the old oak tree.

This carrying supper to the distillery at night broke into my hunting business and then, too, I missed my nigger Jim so much. It was no easy matter to find another boy with the hunting instinct of Jim, one that could put up a good coon and opossum hunt, so I would often go alone and would sometimes hunt all night, at least most of the night, and during the rest of it I would lie down beside a huge campfire, get the dogs to lay close to me to keep me warm, and in this way snatch a few winks of sleep—but these solitary hunts were not as enjoyable as the hunts with my nigger. I missed him so much that I asked my father if I could go on a little visit to my Grandmother Townsend's, who lived near Chaple Hill where we had formerly lived. When I got his consent to this I asked if I couldn't bring Jim back with me; this he also consented to, providing the nigger was not bound out.

The old niggers in those days, after the Civil War, bound their children out until they should become 21 years old. So off I went to see my grandmother, with my heart set on getting Jim, regardless of circumstances. It was a very hard day's ride, horse-back, to reach my grandmother's home in one day; however, I made it though I was very tired when I reached her home. During supper I cautiously inquired about Jim, to learn as I had feared, that he was bound out to Mr. Ezell, a man living about three miles from my grandmother's.

I rested up the following day, being pretty tired from my long ride, played with my cousins a little bit and took life easy, but all the time I was thinking and planning of how to get my nigger Jim.

The second day I was at my grandmother's I went over to Mr. Ezell's to see my nigger and Ezell allowed him to stop work to play with me. When I had a good opportunity I told Jim I had come after him and we could run away, if we could get a good start of Ezell he could never catch us. My nigger instantly agreed to do this, so we set a night and place to meet to make our getaway. We carried our

plans out to a letter, riding all night and until about 9:00 o'clock the next morning before we reached home. Of course we were tired and hungry and very sleepy, so we fed our horse and laid down for a good sleep. About noon mother called us to have some dinner. When the folks asked if Jim was bound out we both assured them that he was not, that Cindy, his mother, was dead and he was a free nigger.

That afternoon we took our horse to the pasture and on our return to the house we threw ourselves down beneath some large beech trees to rest and in a few minutes we were both fast asleep.

When Ezell awoke the morning following our escape he soon discovered that Jim was missing and immediately concluded that I had stolen him, so, as soon as he had finished his breakfast he saddled his horse and started for my father's. He soon gathered enough information on the way to assure himself that I had Jim, so he rushed his horse and made several relays of horses during the day and arrived in our neighborhood about 3:00 P. M.

As he rode along the country road, near our place, he noticed us lying under the beech trees near the road and as he drew a little closer he confirmed his belief that it was Jim and I, so he drew up to the side of the road, quietly shook Jim to awaken him and made him climb up behind him on the horse, being careful all the time not to awaken me. He rode to the house and told mother that the nigger was bound to him, and that I had known it and had simply stolen him.

A little before night I woke up to find Jim missing, thinking he had strolled on toward the house, I got up and happily started for home, thinking of the good hunts in store for Jim and I.

Upon reaching the house I immediately asked for Jim, did mother know where he was?

"Yes," she said angrily, "Ezell came and taken him. You lying rascal, you knew Jim was bound out; your father will attend to you when he comes home."

At least I felt a little relief at the fact that she was leaving the punishing for dad, knowing that if he had it to do it wouldn't be such a bad case, but if my mother was to do it I would get an old time thrashing.

After this little incident I was very sad and lonely, for several months, as I had planned so many things for Jim and I, and I loved my nigger and would have risked my life for him—but this was a circumstance over which I had no control, I could do nothing. I have not seen Jim from that day to this.

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CHAPTER II.

I often met old long-jawed Tennessee and Kentucky hunters and trappers at my father's distillery. Their attraction was a jug of the White Spring whiskey. They would stand around and drink and tell some very exciting stories of hunting and trapping, while I would stand spellbound, absorbing every word, until they got too drunk to be interesting.

When those old pioneers would tell of their adventures, I would listen enraptured and dream of when I too could be a hunter and trapper. Words won't express the feeling I had, the desire to be one of them.

My parents sent me to the Athonem Female School at the time I wanted most to fight Indians, but I only stayed there one year when they concluded I was too rude to go to the female institution. I took part in a couple real boy fights in which Sam Shirley got his toe broke with a rock and George and Henry Dalley both had their heads bleeding from coming in contact with the same kind of missile.

I was then sent to the old boy college which was managed by one Captain Murphy who had been through the Civil War and could command respect of all his soldiers and, naturally, was equal to the task of managing high strung, reckless boys.

I liked the Captain very much because he was a real he-man. Several times he had to give me a thrashing for fighting or playing hookey, which were not uncommon occurrences with me. I played hookey sometimes to fish, sometimes to build dead falls to catch animals. My mind was certainly never on books and I longed for the day that I would be released from such tomfoolery.

One time especially I can remember, I had a string of dead falls on a small creek near home. As it was my job every morning to feed the horses, I would get up early, do my feeding and run to my dead falls. One morning I had no bait so I killed one of my mother's chickens, tore it into pieces and took it to the creek to use for bait. As I neared my first dead fall I could observe a gray, lifeless object. I almost yelled in my excitement, positive that I had caught a coon. I hastened to take it from the trap and there it was, my mother's old tom-cat. I took him by the tail, threw him in the creek and re-

turned to the house. Of course I didn't say a word about poor old Tom and as that dead cat told no tales my mother didn't learn of it until I was 22 years old, when I chose to tell her. Of course, she forgave me then, as all good mothers do.

Steel traps, in those days, were a rare and costly article, especially for a boy. However, I had sold enough furs which I had caught myself to buy a dozen single spring traps. In those days the manufacturers did not attach chains to the traps; they left that for the trapper to do, but small chains were not available and I had no money to get the blacksmith to make me some, so I used a small rope. I rigged all my traps with ropes, instead of chains, which took the greater part of my time through the day. About twilight I had finished the last trap and of course was anxious to get them out.

I had noticed a whippoorwill that would light, each night, about dusk on my mother's ash hopper. He would hop around joyously and cry, "Whippoorwill," "Whip-poor-will," "Whip-poor-will."

This night my traps were new and I had to try them so I dug out a hole in the ashes where he would light, set and covered the trap and left.

The next morning bright and early I went out to my trap and there, as I had expected, was the whippoorwill. He had lit on the trigger of the trap and it had caught him around the body; his wings were pointing skyward, a pathetic figure, but I was so overjoyed at having caught the first thing I had set my new steel traps for that I didn't stop to think of that. When I showed it to mother I remember she said, "Yes, there will be no keeping you in school after this, I suppose."

The first opportunity I had I was out to set my traps. I set one for otter, some for coon and some for mink. After I had visited my traps several times and caught nothing I began to see that there was something to learn about catching animals in steel traps, so I began to question the old trappers that came to father's still to have their jugs filled. They gave me many pointers that helped me about how and where to set traps for the different animals. I began to see that the first sets I had made were all wrong, so I reset them.

Two or three days elapsed before I again could visit my traps and I found, when I did finally go, that I had caught the otter but he had broken the small rope which fastened the trap. This set was made on a log where a large tree had fallen into Duck River. The otter, in trying to release himself, made the log pretty wet and as it had frozen in the night the log was now a glare of ice. In the hope that the otter had fastened himself to the log in some way in his effort to free himself of the trap, I ventured out to the end of the log to look for him, only to find that he had made a complete getaway. Just as I was ready to give up the search and turning on the log started for shore, my foot slipped and I tumbled, head and ears, into Duck River. The edge of the river was frozen over with ice and I had quite a time getting out; however, I broke the ice with my hands and feet and finally managed to reach land. I made a bee line for home, running as fast as I could and in a few minutes my clothes

were frozen stiff, but I kept up such a fast pace that I wasn't cold when I reached home, even though I had something like a mile to run, but there was no harm done with the exception that my frozen clothes chaffed my skin; anyway it was nothing new to see me come home wet.

Losing this otter put an end to my fastening my traps with rope; thereafter I used chains.

Using the information the old trappers gave me to advantage I soon began to catch lots of animals in my traps—and also soon learned that steel traps were the most effective.

As time went on, which was very fast in those days it seemed, I would meet my comrade trappers at the still house and tell them of my success. This, of course, interested the old fellows and they would instruct me more in regard to hunting and trapping.

I used to sit hours and listen to their tales of hunting in Arkansas. They told of bear and panther hunts, also of deer and how you could catch wild turkeys by the hundreds and beaver, coon, otter, mink and wolves by the thousands and I learned afterwards that these old fellows didn't stretch the possibilities a bit. Arkansas was, beyond a doubt, the hunter's paradise. I listened to their stories until I decided to give up home, father, mother, brothers and sisters for the happy hunting ground.

My father had built me a log cabin in the yard, for the dogs and I to sleep in (I was too big a nuisance in the house). My kind mother always kept plenty of fresh clothes in my cabin because she knew how often I came in wet to the skin and needed dry clothing. The dogs slept in one end of the cabin and I in the other—about the only real difference between us was the fact that they walked on four legs and I on two. I always treated them as my equal—or maybe superior.

At that time I had four dogs. Braun was a typical black and tan hound with a white ring around his neck, his four feet were white above the ankles and he had white on the end of his tail. He was my favorite dog, beyond a doubt the best coon and opossum dog I have ever seen. He would never lie—many times I have made climbs in the dark where I thought there was no coon, only to find that Braun was right and Mr. Coon would jump out. I have chopped for hours, by firelight, to throw a tree that I could not climb because Braun said there was a coon up it, and invariably there would be one.

Next to Braun I liked Pudle, a large black Newfoundland which I had raised from a pup and trained with old Braun. Pudle was an excellent coon and opossum dog; he never barked on a track often. He would run the coon up a small tree and when I would make the coon jump to the ground it was all day with him.

I remember one night old Braun treed four coons up a hackberry tree which bent over the bank of the river. It was really a very picturesque tree, with a grape vine running all over it and the silvery light of the moon shining on it and reflecting itself in the still, mirror-like river. My appreciation of the beauty of the setting, however, was

a sort of unconscious acknowledgment—I was too interested in my coons up the tree to really stop and admire the scenery. I knew when my coons jumped they would land in the river, so I shook the grape vine and the coons jumped into the river. In went Pudle, Nip and Nero after them while Braun stood on the bank and kept up a continual howling bark to encourage the younger dogs to keep up the fight. Braun was too wise to tackle a coon in water and Nip and Nero very soon gave up the fight and swam to the bank, but Pudle, who was then not more than a year old, fought a large male coon down the river for at least 300 yards while I ran along the bank beside him, giving him all the encouragement I could. At last I could see them swimming toward the bank, but could not tell which was in the lead, but as they neared the bank Braun, Nip and Nero rushed to meet them and in a few minutes the coon had completely surrendered.

Next, in the order of my esteem, came Nip. He was a small, white, woolly fiest. Many times the dogs would corner coons in piles of rocks, hollow logs or holes in the bank of the river and I would talk to Nip, tell him he was a smart, brave dog—to “go get him” and though Nip was only the size of a large coon and it was rather cruel to expect him to go after one, he would take me at my word and go after it, tie into it for life and sometimes bring the coon out unassisted, while other times he would drag at the coon until he got close to the edge of the hole where I could reach him and I would catch hold of Nip’s hind legs and gently pull him out and he would keep a firm hold on the coon all the time, with the result that he would pull him out of the hole for me to grasp, or the other dogs to catch—or other times if the hole was large enough that Nip could pass the coon he would make the coon back out and if once Pudle got his teeth in the coon it was “fare you well, Mr. Coon”.

Nero was not much of a dog. Like some men, he was a poor stickler and a bad liar.

I remember one very interesting hunt. Old Braun struck a coon track in the timber near Duck River. It was in the summer and very hot. I was barefooted. The coon had left the river and gone into a field that lay up and down the river and as the dogs got straightened out on his track I climbed to the top of a rail fence in order to better view the country. Suddenly I heard the rattle of a rattlesnake and as he kept up the rattling constantly I stayed at the top of the fence, because I couldn’t see him and didn’t want to get down until I had located him. The dogs were barking at the coon, which they had by this time treed, and I was, of course, anxious to go to them, but the rattler kept up his persistent rattling. Finally I could hold myself no longer and decided to take a broad jump and light running. This I did and I didn’t stop running until I had reached my dogs.

They had treed the coon in a hole along the edge of the river. I told Nip to go in and get him and without hesitating the little brave dog went in after a coon almost his size. I could hear the coon making an angry noise and Nip barking and growling, trying to confuse and frighten him; then all at once silence; presently I heard them resume the fight—but now they were about twenty feet below me in the

water's edge. The other dogs made for the fight but by the time they arrived the coon had reached the water and was swimming away. In went Pudle, anxious to do his stuff, and he soon caught the coon and brought him to land, where he put the finishing touches to him.

It was very hard to find a coon hunting boy that had the gizzard to stay with it, but sometimes I could get the negro men to go and climb and chop down trees, with the promise of a coon to eat.

There was a bend in the river near where I was hunting one year, which was called "Peddler's Bend". It got its name from a couple of young men named Riddle and Griffin, who murdered a peddler, tied rocks to him and threw him in the river at this spot. Both of the men were afterwards caught and sent to the penitentiary. One night I had two negro men with me and old Braun struck a coon track and the coon headed straight for Peddler's Bend. The negroes followed for a little way and suddenly one of them stopped, saying, "I ain't gwine over in dat bend". I was thoroughly disgusted. All I could think of was the coon old Braun was running, so rather impatiently I asked why. The answer which came readily was as I had expected, "'Cause dat bend am haunted".

The dogs now had the coon treed and I tried my best to get the negroes to follow me, but to no avail; all I could get was their stubborn, "If dat am wat you wants us two to do we am gwine home." I insisted farther, asking them how they knew the river was haunted at the bend—one of them replied:

"You can hear something like big rocks when youse frow dem in de ribber, dats de haunts ob dat peddler Riddle and Griffin killed, and we ain't gwine wid youse to dat place; you had jes as well call de dogs off 'cause we ain't a gwine dar; we am gwine home."

I never liked to have my dogs tree a coon and not go to them, so I told the negroes I was going to the dogs—and the two negroes went home. When I neared the bend I could hear, on the bluff of rocks above the dogs, something pounding in the water. I said to myself, "That is the negroes' haunt", so I climbed down to the water's edge and sat for a few minutes to listen. It was quiet now, and I wanted to locate that haunt. Pretty soon a beaver came swimming along and he would raise his tail and bring it against the water, making quite a slapping sound. I had seen beavers do this, in the day time, so I immediately recognized the negroes' haunt.

After having satisfied myself as to the haunt I hurried to the dogs, climbed the tree and shook off the coon. The minute he touched the ground the dogs were on him and that was the end of that ringtail.

The next day I saw the negroes and told them I caught the coon. They asked me if I heard any haunts and I told them I did, but they did not bother me and I did not meddle with the haunts. One of them said:

"Youse gwine to hunt wid dem dogs some night around de grave yards and dose haunted places and youse gwine to meet de debel his self and dat will sure be de las of you all and dem dogs of yourn."

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER III.

I was a little older now and was enjoying country dances and that sort of thing as well as my trapping and hunting, almost. I had, from my early youth, been fond of visiting the old negroes' cabins to listen to them play their fiddles and pick their old banjos and see them dance, or have them teach me their jigs and clog steps, which were many.

You readers who have never seen a real black negro play the fiddle and stamp his feet at the same time, now and then giving a hearty whoop, and seconded by a good banjo picker, have never heard real music.

There was music and dancing almost every night in some of the cabins and when it came to jigging or clogging, the negro of those days certainly had the world beaten. I have often seen a negro woman and man get out on the floor, facing each other, and dance for an hour. They would cut a pigeon wing, back step, buck jump, heal and toe, scratch back, chase the squirrel and any number of other antics, the names of which I have forgotten.

Jim and I had learned all of this perfect. Often when we were alone Jim would slap his hands and hum some of those old familiar tunes such as "The Arkansas Traveler," "Jenny Put the Kettle On," "Hasten to the Wedding," "Sally Goodin," "Fishing Creek Horn Pipe," "Devil's Dream," "Dixie" and any number of the good old tunes. While Jim made music I danced and vice versa until we were both wet with sweat. Often we would even dance a hole in the ground.

This way Jim and I became the most perfect dancers in the crowds that congregated and the old negroes often commended us on our dancing.

One night, when Uncle Tom, the fiddler and Andy, the banjo-picker, took their seats, Uncle Tom drew his long fiddle bow across his fiddle and Andy thumped the strings of his banjo to see if they harmonized. Then Uncle Tom laid off his hat and said to Jim and I, "Get out on de floor, you two hunters, let's see what youse can do." Jim and I, feeling honored by the musician, were anxious to show them what we could do. We stepped out, with full assurance that we would not be laughed at, and when the music started we started

off like two colts. Uncle Tom and Andy played the "Arkansas Traveler" and switched, without stopping, to the "Devil's Dream" and to "The Fishing Creek Horn Pipe." Jim and I danced at least 30 minutes without stopping, and Uncle Tom raked the sweat from his brow with his hand, arouse from his seat and addressed the congregation. He said, majestically, "I has been playin' the fiddle fer many years and has seed lots ob dancin' but I wants to say to you all nigers right heah, dees two boys, bein' only chillin, is de best dancers I ever seed and when dey gets a liddle more muscle on dem youse niggers will have to take a back seat."

Right here I will promise you readers that I will never mention Jim's name in this story again. As I write the tears rise in my eyes, to think how our very souls were rapt together. When old Ezell followed me and took Jim, had I been awake I could have shot him, I know, without a twinge on my conscience.

As I began to go to our country dances they soon learned I could dance and I was very often requested to dance for the entertainment of the others, which I never refused as I really enjoyed dancing, that is, never refused until I was old enough to cast sheep eyes at the girls, which were not a few; after that when I was called on to dance alone for the entertainment of others I would refuse—I didn't want to make a monkey of myself before others. Not that I didn't like to dance as well but I was afraid it wouldn't make a good impression on some of the pretty girls. I liked the girls and enjoyed their company, but would never allow myself to fall in love with them, as my heart was set to lead a romantic life.

My father finally sold the old White Spring distillery and purchased a farm in Hickman County, on a large creek known as Mill Creek. I suppose Dad's conscience hurt him because of the effect that White Spring whiskey had on the neighborhood. I was glad he sold out myself because that ended my nightly task of carrying supper to the night crew. Then again, it gave a new hunting ground, as the one I had at that time was badly rustled and I would have to go three or four miles to set my traps, or even strike a trail with my dogs.

The move was made, the location was fine for hunting and trapping, but as I grew my father put me to work on the farm, making a splendid hand out of me with the plow and hoe. Of course this steady work broke into my hunting and trapping, nevertheless Daddy was kind to me and allowed me some spare time for my greatest sport.

The following year, after our move, Dad took a contract to furnish all the cross ties for three miles and all the bridge timber for nine miles of a new railroad. When this work started he lined me up with two yoke of cattle and a wagon, to haul cross ties and bridge timbers. I was familiar with driving oxen as in those days they were used altogether for hauling heavy loads in rough places, and often used to haul produce to town. They were a fine animal for such work when well treated and gave good service in return.

This railroad work lasted about 18 months, so I was about 15

then and was fully grown. I weighed about 165 pounds. I shall always believe this heavy work stopped my growth, nevertheless a medium weight man can stand and endure more than one so large.

The year I was 16 my father promised me, that if I would push the work, that he would send me to school at Louisville, Ky., to the medical college. My Dad thought I would make a good surgeon, but I knew I would rather dissect wild animals. However, at the end of my sixteenth year, a short time before Christmas, my father gave me two bales of cotton that were raised on our farm and told me to take it to Nashville and sell it and to use the money to buy such clothes as I thought I would need when I went to Louisville. He also told me that old "Babe" Thornton was going to Nashville and I could go with him.

Babe Thornton was a typical old soak; he could drink a quart of Tennessee whiskey each day and be the same old Babe, as everyone called him.

The time arrived when Babe and I were to start for Nashville. I loaded the two bales of cotton, with the help of a few of the negroes that were always hanging around, hooked up a span of good mules, spread a wagon sheet over the cotton and drove up Mill Creek to meet Babe Thornton, who was ready and waiting for me. We started at once for Nashville. Babe's wagon was loaded with peanuts and mine with the two bales of cotton. We had not driven more than ten miles when Babe drove up to a road house, crawled out of his covered wagon, went into the road house and came back out in a few minutes carrying a gallon jug of Tennessee whiskey. He offered me a drink, as I had expected, and it did taste fine. It was old and had a mellow taste which is not found in moonshine of today, and a kick that was as sturdy as the kick of a government mule.

Old Babe would stop his team about once each hour, get out his jug, offer me a drink and take one himself. I indulged in a little too much, not being used to drinking it every day like Babe, I could not stand so much, but I would gauge my drink and try to keep the kick about the same.

We camped by the road side that night where several other farmers were camping, some going and some coming. Most of them had plenty of whiskey but no one was drunk, with the exception of one loud-mouthed little fellow who thought he was the "Pea Price."

There was a large camp fire and it was really a very frosty night, but we sat close to the fire and told each other interesting stories, and a few smutty jokes. Finally everyone had retired except a young chap about my age and this loud-mouthed drunkard and myself. The drunken fellow wanted to go to bed also so he crawled into his wagon, which was sitting on the side of the hill, with rocks under the wheels to keep it from rolling down, as the hill was very steep. When he was asleep I proposed to my comrade that we release the mules from the back of his wagon, where he had tied them, and tie them to a tree, then take the rocks from the wheels and let his wagon run down the hill. The boy readily agreed to this, so we took the mules and

hitched them to a tree and removed the rocks from in under the wheels and away it went, down the hill at break-neck speed. The drunken fellow woke up and stuck his head out of the back of the wagon and bawled at the top of his voice, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

The wagon stayed to the road a little ways, then it turned short—left the road and continued its course down the hill into the timber where it struck a tree and came to a stop. The racket brought all the other campers out of their beds and we hastily jumped into ours, pretending to be asleep. They could not imagine what had happened so they started to investigate. They soon found the cause and proceeded to see what damage was done. The drunken man's wagon was in a pretty bad condition, the tongue was broken and the wheels smashed, but outside of being frightened and somewhat sobered, it did not hurt the drunken lad. Upon further investigation the campers found the mules tied to the tree and knew someone had purposely started the wagon, so they started asking questions. Of course we kept mum, so they finally let suspicion rest on a couple of farmer boys who had visited our camp that night and who lived close by, and we got by without suspicion, at least none that we knew of.

The next morning Babe and I pulled out for Nashville. Babe drew on that old jug quite regularly and I, not wishing to be outdone, would take a part with him each time, thinking I could gauge the kick, but at times my calculations were not good and I would find myself pretty hilarious.

We arrived in Nashville that night and put our teams up in a wagon yard which was most convenient for farmers that brought their produce to Nashville.

The next morning Babe was up bright and early and the first thing to be introduced was his jug, next feed our teams, make coffee, fry eggs and bacon in the camp house which was furnished by the wagon yard man. This done, we went to sell our produce. Babe with a sample of his peanuts and I with samples of my two bales of cotton. At intervals all through the day Babe, and sometimes I, would return for a swig from the old jug.

Babe sold his peanuts and I my cotton. I remember it brought \$127.00. When night came we set out to take in the town. The first thing we hit for was Buffalo Bill's show. This was Bill's first, which consisted of a few Indians and cowboys on bucking ponies, but nevertheless it was a good show, and although I was a little dazed from the contents of Babe's jug, there was something about that show that touched a spot which meant home in my soul, and that night I made up my mind that I would not go to Louisville to school, as my father had planned, in order that I might become a surgeon, but rather I would stick to the great open.

Babe and I remained in Nashville two weeks, took in the whole town and spent every dollar. We even had to stand off the wagon yard man, and all I had to show for my two bales of cotton was a shabby suit of cashmere, which got all matted up when wet and smelled like a wet dog. When I arrived home there were but few

questions asked as they had heard Babe and I were on a spree in Nashville.

The next morning I was at the barn feeding the stock, my father came to the barn, which was uncommon for him, and called to me. I went to where he had taken a seat on a log. "Now," he said, "Have you bought the clothing you intend to take to Louisville, or are you going to wait until you get there?"

I had made up my mind to tell the truth and the whole truth, so I proceeded to tell him all about Babe and my spree, and at the end I told him it was his fault as much as it was mine. He knew I had waded around in whiskey all my life and this was my first spree, and had he sent me to Nashville by myself instead of with old Babe Thornton as a guardian there would have been no spree.

I could see that my father was suppressing a laugh, but he had to retain his dignity. After listening to all I had to say, he said:

"I have raised only one boy, your brother, who I consider I made a complete failure of. I never worked him a day, educated him for a lawyer and now he makes plenty of money but spends it as fast as he makes it and has no idea of the worth of a dollar. Now I have worked you hard and you are a good worker, but if a boy of your age can't go to Nashville, sell two bales of cotton and invest the money wisely, regardless of the temptation of old Babe and his advice and jug, then you do not know the worth of a dollar either, and now you can settle yourself for another year's work."

Father had no idea what was revolving itself through my mind while he was laying the law down to me, neither did he know me—yet I was his boy.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER IV.

After my father had laid down his law and told me that I did not know the worth of a dollar and would have to work another year, simply because I had blown \$127.00, the price of only two bales of cotton, I was stung to the heart, but made no reply to my father, simply turned from him and went on with my work. This all happened a short time before Christmas, and right then, while he was talking, I made up my mind that the first of the year I would leave for Arkansas and find for myself a career in hunting and trapping, as I had so long hoped to do.

About this time we were having good times at the good old-fashioned dances, where there was real harmonious music and the Virginia reel was danced to perfection. I had purchased a fiddle and had learned to scratch out many of the old familiar tunes, but fortunately, or would it be unfortunately, I had six sisters who were all at that time unmarried girls and when I was practicing on my fiddle they would never fail to make fun of me. They would say I looked like old Babe Thornton or Charley Ricks, or Ben Jordan, all of whom were fiddlers and very familiar with John Barleycorn. They would often say, "You will never be worth a cent if you don't get rid of your fiddle." This, of course, would vex and sting me, so I decided to sell my fiddle, which I was not overly stuck on anyway.

Christmas eve John Thornton and Henry Williams rode up to our house and told me they were making up a dance at Babe Thornton's for that night and to come and be sure to bring all my sisters. I agreed to do so and went in to tell my sisters. The information brought a sparkle to their eyes and a hurrah for old Babe for giving us a dance. They began to fly around, get out their finery and discuss what they would wear. They ordered me to get their horses from the pasture, feed, curry and saddle them, which, of course, I had to do, and I also saddled my mule.

About 4:00 P. M. up rode about 20 boys and girls on their way to Babe Thornton's party, which was a treat old Babe generally gave the young people every Christmas. My sisters and I fell in line with the rest of the bunch and we were all off, like a keen bunch of hounds.

Some of the boys suggested to me, on the quiet, that we switch

from the rest of the bunch and go by way of John Warley's road and jug house and get a little Barleycorn to revive us along the later part of the night. This was a common thing for us to do as we generally needed something of the kind after dancing eight or ten hours—at the same time, we would govern our drinks, for fear of breaking up the dance, which sometimes, but not often, would happen.

On our way after the liquor we met a horse swapping fellow by the name of Young that had made a horse swap with John Warley, and in making the swap Young had received ten gallons of whiskey to boot. When we met Young he was pretty well steamed up and seeing my fiddle under my arm in a pillow case he asked me what I would take for it. I told him \$10.00, and he asked to examine it. He thumped the strings, drew the bow across it and said he had swapped horses with John Warley and received ten gallons of good old whiskey to boot, and would give me three gallons for my fiddle. He drew a quart from his saddle and let us all have a drink. As three gallons of whiskey was well worth \$10.00, I accepted his offer and he gave us an order to John Warley for three gallons of Tennessee's best.

I was pleased with the trade I had made as I had disposed of my fiddle which I had come to the conclusion I would never be able to master perfectly as the longer I played the faster I went until there was not much distinction left between the notes.

We bade Young good-by and started at a fast pace for the road house and Warley gave me the three gallons of whiskey, two one-gallon jugs and four quarts. After Warley had treated us a couple of times we started for old Babe's, feeling pretty good. When we arrived at Babe's there were about forty boys and as many girls there. Babe had a large house with gallerys all around so that the ones that couldn't get inside could stand on the gallerys. Two large rooms were cleared of their furniture and the dance was put in order. We had plenty of fiddlers and banjo pickers to carry on a dance in each room and they soon began to tune their instruments. This thumping and tuning always creates a sensation in me something like a race horse that is lined up for a race. I had the edge on most of the boys when it came to cutting the pigeon wing and many other such antics which I had learned from the negroes.

I gave Babe one gallon of my whiskey to be divided among the musicians during the night. This was absolutely necessary so that after several hours playing they wouldn't give out. Each time after they would get up and go out on the gallery for a little fresh air and a swig their music when they started playing again would be just as full of pep as the first part of the evening.

I had given Al Brown, a friend of mine, who was as homely and bashful as he was good natured, a full quart of my whiskey. He was a big (6 feet 3), good-hearted fellow that could be depended on under all conditions, but when he was around the girls he was so bashful that he would make many awkward moves and expressions which added to their amusement and his timidity. When I gave him the quart of whiskey I told him to hang onto it until morning, as it

would be a scarce article by that time. This he agreed to do.

In those days we had a game we would play which we called "Snap" or sometimes "Chase the Squirrel." We would usually play the game toward morning when the musicians were about worn out. A couple would walk out on the floor, join hands and call for a game of snap. Some boy would then snap his fingers at his best girl and she would have to chase him around the couple until she caught him, and then she, in turn, would have to snap her fingers at some fellow and be chased until caught.

This game was started after the roosters began to crow at day-break. Al Brown was standing, leaning up against the wall when to his surprise some girl snapped him. He straightened up and began chasing her around and around and as he whizzed past the corner out would fly the tail of his hammertail coat in which was the quart bottle of whiskey which I had put in his keeping. As the weight would make his coat swing out it looked like a sledge hammer or something in his pocket. The door of the room was standing about half open and as Al made one of his sharp turns his coat-tail swung around with a terrific force and struck the door. Of course it broke the bottle in his pocket, but Al didn't notice that; he kept chasing the girl and the booze flew in about every direction. He was having a hard time catching her, she was so small and as quick as a rabbit, while he was so tall and awkward he could scarcely make the turns. but finally he did catch her, and then he thought of the bottle and the terrible blow it must have had, so he cautiously felt for it and found it smashed. His face flared a crimson red and he said, "No more snap for me." He was instantly named "Booze Slinger." Al stood their joshing for a little but soon he stepped out in the center of the room and said, "You boys cut that out or I will sling you; you all know accidents will happen."

Believe me, no boy said "Booze Slinger" to Al anymore, for they knew he would mop up the floor with them in less time than it would take to tell it.

This episode created no discord so the dance went on, until about 8:00 o'clock in the morning, when old Babe proposed having breakfast cooked for the crowd, but they refused to accept his hospitality as the job of feeding such a bunch would be expensive and the labor it would take to cook for so many enormous, and anyway everybody was tired and sleepy and didn't feel like working.

Soon they all wanted their horses and mules and thanking Mrs. Thornton and old Babe we all struck out for home.

The next dance was scheduled to be at Mr. Sam Bates, which was only two miles, so my sisters and I decided to walk, instead of ride, as the evening was ideal.

As Sam Bates was a newly married man he did not have any barn room and very little house room, having only three rooms in his dwelling, one large room and a kitchen and living room, therefore the gathering was not as large as it was at old Babe's party, but was large enough for the size of the house, providing those that were not

dancing would line up around the walls of the room.

The little dance went along fine, there being no booze available, but about midnight it started to snow and by day we had about two feet of light, fluffy snow. My sisters ordered me to go home after their horses, which I did, although it was only sport for me, except that I would rather be in bed.

During this latest dance the boys and I decided we would storm my father. He had never allowed any dances at his house, so we thought it would be a good joke to storm him. This plan was scouted around all over the neighborhood and met with general approval, and on the appointed night, about 5:00 o'clock, the girls and boys began to march in like a bunch of soldiers. They told mother and father their intentions and asked them to allow them to dance. Father flatly refused but told them they might stay and play all they wanted to, but he absolutely would not permit them to dance. This was finally agreed on. I guess Dad had changed a little in his spiritual feelings since he quit distilling whiskey.

My father had the young people put their horses and mules away and had two large rooms cleared of furniture and we played snap, chase the squirrel and many kissing games, which everyone, of course, enjoyed. The night was passed fairly well and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, but not so much as if we had been allowed to dance.

Remember, readers, I have told you that my mind was thoroughly made up to leave home and start west on New Year's to take up my wild career of hunting and trapping. The time is near at hand and my plans were carried out, which will be interesting in the next chapter.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER V.

I had built myself a log cabin at our farm home as I had become so attached to the one my father had built when I was a small boy.

New Year's had arrived and I was ready to make my start for Arkansas. The evening before the first my father said, "Christmas is over and you must go to work tomorrow morning." I made no reply. I had secured a large satchel that my mother had made out of what was known as "cover lid" stuff, woven out of all wool goods. It had two handles and was made in a bag form. I placed my clothing in this during the early part of the evening and about 7:00 P. M. I picked up my satchel, walked out of my cabin and started west. My dogs were on the watch and thought I was off for a coon hunt, so they followed me down to the creek. I knew I could not take my dogs, so I took rocks and threw at them and made them go back to the house. This was hard and I cried like a whipped child. With the exception of my mother I did not so much mind parting with my people, but I hated to leave my dogs for I loved them dearly. The dogs obeyed but I heard Braun set up a howl and the rest seconded him. This was something I had never heard them do before and I will always believe they knew I was leaving them for good.

I had traveled as far as Centerville, our county seat, before—it was only 15 miles from home—and as the road to Centerville lead west, I took it. I reached Centerville about 11:00 o'clock that night. I did not walk down the main streets but choose the back ones, as I did not want to be identified. I had remembered seeing a road leading west with a signboard on it reading "Britt's Landing, 37 miles." This road I took from Centerville and I walked all night. The next morning I came in sight of a large hewed log cabin. As I walked near the house I saw an elderly man and four younger men washing their faces and knew by that that breakfast was ready. I hollered "Hello" and they answered with "Come in," so I walked in and asked if I could get breakfast. They told me "Yes; here is a pan, wash and get ready." This I did and breakfast was announced. We were all seated at a long table that reached almost across the room

and which was ladden with good buttermilk biscuits, large dishes of real cow butter and three platters full of pork sausage. All this certainly looked good to me after my all night walk, and smelled even better to me than the flowers the girls would pin on themselves when going to church.

Our plates were very liberally heaped by the elderly man, who, I suppose, was the "dad" of the bunch, which was twelve in number. In those days it was not uncommon to see from six to fifteen in a family, but not so now days.

When breakfast was over I asked for my bill and the man's reply was, "I never charged a man for a meal in my life and it is too late to start charging now."

This was common all over the south, night or day, when someone hollered "Hello" the answer would always be "Come in," whether you were horseback, team or afoot you would always be taken in and cared for—but things are different now.

I bade my friends good-by and proceeded down the road. Early in the morning it commenced to rain and kept it up all day and my cover-lid satchel had begun to get wet and heavy and the mud had crawled to my knees on the inside of my breeches legs. I walked for miles without seeing a house or a living soul until finally I decided to take my clothes out of my bag and ring them out, they were so wet. After having done this I know I must have lightened my load at least ten or fifteen pounds. My clothes were certainly in a bad shape as some had faded on others and they were all wrinkled.

I did not go much farther until I met a typical old Tennessean riding a small bay horse. This man was so tall that he had to ride with short stirrups. I do believe he could have stood flatfooted and straddled his horse without jumping or making use of his stirrups. His knees were crooked so they were near the top of the horse's neck. As he came closer I could see that he was somewhat dazed with John Barley-corn. He looked me over and said, "How are you, young man; are you traveling?" I informed him that I was and he wanted to know where I was going. I told him to Arkansas, and he wanted to know what for. I told him to hunt and trap, and he told me I would starve to death in that business. My views were different but I didn't argue the point. "Do you ever drink anything?" he asked, and I hastily replied, "Yes, when I need it, and if I ever did I do now."

My friend turned himself in his saddle to reach for the long black bottle in the saddle pocket. As he did so the horse staggered under the load and braced his feet farther apart in order to be better able to stand under the weight of the heavy Southerner.

I drank from the dark bottle he handed me, not once but twice, and handed it back to my friend, thanking him cordially, for it certainly was appreciated. He looked at me questionally and then said:

"Say, youse on you'a first legs, ain't youse?" I told him I was, and he said, "Well, let me give you a piece of advice. When youse are offered anything, take it—but leave that damn thank you out." Then he handed the black bottle back and said, "Take another." I did,

and this time omitted the "thank you," simply asking as gruffly as I could, "How far to Britt's Landing?" He told me it was about three miles. I then bid my friend good-by, shook hands with him and proceeded up the muddy road. The booze put new life in me, it didn't seem like my feet were so heavy after that and in less than an hour I was in Britt's Landing. There was only one store at the landing, which was a sort of general merchandise arrangement. I bought a lunch from the proprietor and after eating, walked out on the gallery to look the country over. I noticed in the river three log rafts floating down and called to the storekeeper about them. He came to the door and informed me that they were logs Ben Butler was taking to Paduka. I asked him if he ever hired men to work on the rafts and when he told me they did I inquired about how I could find out if I could get a job. He told me to just go down to the bank of the river and holler at them; if they needed me they would come after me in a canoe. I grabbed my old wet satchel and started on a run for the bank. When I was directly opposite them I hollered at them and as soon as I got their attention I asked if they needed an extra man. They answered in the affirmative and asked if I wanted to go. When I said I did they pushed off a boat and paddled to the bank where I was in a very few minutes. "Fall in," they commanded, and I did, and we were soon back to the log raft, which we climbed aboard.

I had traveled on foot 52 miles without seeing anyone much and now I was aboard a log raft headed for Paduka, Ky., and I knew if my father had any intentions of trying to overtake me and cause me to return he would have a hard time to strike my trail and keep it as this last jump would fool a bloodhound, a decidedly better trailer than Dad.

The logs floated down the Tennessee River until nearly night, when old Ben Butler bawled out, "Boys, we will tie up at the Big Eddy." We began to swing the raft to the left bank of the river. This was done by two long, large oars that were hinged to each end of each raft.

Old Ben's raft was the first to strike the eddy and out went two of the boys with a long coil of rope in their boat. They made the rope fast to a tree and the raft swung in to the bank. Each crew did the same until the rafts were all tied up.

The next thing was supper. There was a cabin on old Ben's raft made of long boards split out of good splitting timber. This cabin was to accommodate all three of the different crews. There was one man used as a cook, although he looked more like a cowboy; however he had cooked a meal that would stick to the ribs. He had pork and beans, beef and cabbage and corn bread, this was nicknamed the "Three Brothers," as it was baked in a Dutch oven which would nicely receive three large cakes. His coffee was black and strong enough to walk away almost. Each man took his tin plate and cup, helped himself and then walked out of the cabin, found a seat on the raft and fell to.

Arrangements were made for sleeping but as I was a new man and had no bed each one of the crew divided their blankets with me until I really had the best blanket roll. I asked Old Ben where I should sleep and he answered, "Why, Hell, just go in the cabin and make down your bed on the floor."

Of course Ben knew by this time this was my first raft work but he was too good a judge of human nature to class me as a tender-foot. I spread my blankets on the floor and the minute I hit them I was asleep and slept soundly as I was very tired after having walked all day and night, but the next morning I was as fresh as ever again. Pretty soon Old Ben came over to me and said, "What have you been following for a livin', young man?" I replied, "Working." He said, "I didn't know but you had been a dancing teacher; you were calling out figures all night, swing corners and balance all; then again you were hoopin' to dogs as though you were huntin' coon." Everybody laughed but I said nothing as I knew I often talked in my sleep.

Breakfast was soon announced and we started for the eats. Old Ben said, "Hold on, boys, we will have an eye-opener." He drew out a three gallon demijohn from under the table and told us to help ourselves, which of course we did, not being too careful how much we poured into our teacups.

After breakfast we all returned to our respective rafts. Old Ben released his first and the other two crews did likewise, and soon we were again drifting down the river. All day we drifted with very little work to do. There was one pretty fair fiddler and one banjo picker in the crowd, and as it was such a wonderful day, the boys got out their instruments and began to play. One of the shitepokes walked out on the rough boards, which were about a foot wide, and began to dance. We watched him awhile and pretty soon the fiddler stopped to tune up his fiddle. He looked up at me as if to see me for the first time, and said, "You man that calls figures all nite, get out and face Tom and let's see what youse can do." I readily agreed as I was anxious to have the boys know I was the real stuff. "What do you want me to play?" the fiddler asked. I told him "Fishing Creek Hornpipe" and "Devil's Dream."

The music started and Tom and I broke away like two quarter horses from the poles. They played for about fifteen minutes, in which time I had cut the pigeon wing, bucked, jumped, back stepped, jigged, clogged and many other steps that had no names which I had learned from the negroes. The entire crew pulled off their hats and cheered and from that time on I was one of the boys and the entire crew took pleasure in instructing me as to how to work on log rafts.

If I remember correctly, it took us six days to float the logs to Paduka; anyway Ben Butler paid me \$9.00 for my work. After we were all paid off Old Ben said, "Now, boys, let's all have a drink," and we hit for a saloon where he ordered drinks for the bunch, calling on each man for a toast, which we gave—but they varied so much I will not repeat them.

After this we all shook hands and parted. I found out there

was a mail boat running once a day from Paduka to Cairo, Illinois, where I could get a Mississippi River boat. This struck me right; by this route I decided I could soon get to Arkansas City, so I purchased a ticket for Cairo. During the day while waiting for time to leave I took part in a spirited poker game and it was not long until I was a busted merchant. This put me to thinking. I went down to watch the men load and unload freight. I decided I could do the work, so I approached the first mate of the boat and struck him for a job. He told me I was too young to stand such work. I assured him I wasn't, so he consented, finally, to let me try, promising me a man's wage if I succeeded. Off went my coat and I started to work. I stood the work all right as I was hard, tough and as active as a cat.

One day the boat was to be loaded with wagon hubs, the sun was shining bright and the landing faced the south, making it very hot. The hubs were fastened four to a stick and in carrying them one hub would press against the front of the shoulder and the other against the back, which was very hot and would chafe and rub the skin off. Several of the men quit, making it worse for the remaining ones. I carried hubs until both of my shoulders were bleeding. The second mate was an old Dutchman and through carelessness he had loaded too many hubs on one side of the boat, which tilted it. As I arrived with a load the first mate was scolding the second mate for not keeping the boat balanced. The first mate turned to me and said, "Alexander, can you balance this boat?" I replied, "I can do anything any other man can do." The first mate then said, "All right, you take this second mate's place and put him to moving these hubs until the boat is balanced." I obeyed orders, put my Dutchman to work and as the other boys brought in the hubs I would have them place them on the light side until I balanced the boat. When the boat was loaded and well balanced, the first mate came to me and said he wanted me to continue as second mate. I said I didn't want to take the old Dutchman's job, but he insisted and said he could not use the old Dutchman as second mate any longer anyway, so I agreed to take the place. I worked at this for two weeks but became disgusted with steamboat work so, quite the boat at Paduka one night and the next morning began to enquire of the farmers as to employment in the country. I met one old farmer as he was leaving town in a covered wagon. I approached him and enquired of him if there was any work in his neighborhood for a farm hand. "Yes," he said, "I have a neighbor by the name of Earnhart that has a large farm and I am sure can use another man." So I asked the farmer to allow me to ride out with him. "Jump in," he said, "You are welcome."

After four hours of drivin he drew up his lines and "Whoa'd" at his mules. "Now," he said, "You see yonder white house, that is where Mr. Earnhart and his family live," I walked up to the gate of the white house and hollered, "Hello." Mr. Earnhart and his wife were sitting on the front gallery and invited me in. I went up to where they were and stated my mission. Mr. Earnhart asked me to sit down and then started questioning me as to where I had worked,

etc. I told him how I had traveled down from West Tennessee on the log raft, but omitted my steamboat experience for fear he would think I was a tough guy. The next thing he asked was to see my hands. When I showed them to him he bursted out in a hearty laugh. When he had sufficiently quieted down to speak, he said, "There is one thing sure. you have been at work or making your living picking blackberries." This remark stung a little. He asked if I could run an engine. I told him I never had but knew I could do anything I set my mind to do. He told me with such confidence in myself I surely could run the engine. "Now, my boy," he said, "here is the situation. I have a man running my engine who is too lazy to get up when he sits down. He never gets steam up ready for work before 9 o'clock and he is too darned lazy to keep it up during the day and I have to get rid of him. I can teach you all about it in two or three days and I will pay \$50.00 a month and board." It all sounded good to me, so I accepted and the next morning Mr. Earnhart and I went to his sawmill. He stayed with me most of the day, giving me lessons on how to fire, pump water, etc.

The next morning I had steam up at 6 A. M. and Mr. Earnhart didn't have to instruct me any more. There wasn't much to learn to fire with slabs and keep up steam and perhaps pack a pump once in a great while.

The next chapter will land me in Arkansas, my long-hoped-for Happy Hunting Ground. Thank the Lord.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER VI.

I worked for Mr. Earnhart seven months and never missed having up steam at the mill at 6:00 A. M. and sometimes at half past five. This pleased my friend, as I shall call him, for he proved to be one.

Mr. Earnhart had only two children. Miss Nettie, the elder child, and her brother. Miss Nettie and I became good chums; she was a very pretty girl, and in spite of myself I fell desperately in love with her. I fought this love like a lion because should I give away and ask Miss Nettie to marry me, and if she accepted, surely this would put an end to the romantic life I had decided to lead. Finally it got to a point where I decided I must leave as I was becoming so hopelessly in love with her I know I could not stay near her any longer and not ask her to be my wife, and I could also see that Nettie was in love with me, so one morning I told her I was going to tell her father to get another engineer as I was going to Arkansas. The poor girl turned pale, then flushed and asked: "Why don't you stay here?" I told her, as I had often told her before, that I intended to lead a hunter and trapper's life. "Yes, I know," she said, "but it seems to me that it would be an awfully lonely life." Then she added, "I believe my father would raise your wage rather than permit you to go." I explained to her that it was not my wage in which I was interested but the desire of my heart from early youth. The tears raised in both of our eyes, in spite of the restraint we tried to command.

At my first opportunity I told Mr. Earnhart to get him another man within a week, as I wanted to go to Arkansas. My friend began to try to persuade me to stay and offered me a raise, but to no avail, I assured him I could not stay any longer, much as I liked my new friends, my time was up and I must go to Arkansas to take up my hunting and trapping for the winter, so he saw it was utterly useless to argue and wished me Godspeed.

The remainder of that week was the trial of my life. I truly love Miss Nettie and I could not relish my meals that week as Miss Nettie always sat opposite me at the dinner table and the thought

of leaving was almost too much—the bread crumbs would hang to my lips and my fork would fail to hold my food, and every other darned thing seemed to go wrong. It was, in fact, the most miserable week of my life.

The day finally came when I had to leave. I shook hands all around, leaving Nettie until last; that was the hardest part, but I bravely gave her a hearty handshake though I know she could never have forgotten the look I could not keep out of my eyes.

Mr. Earnhart took me to Cairo with his horse and buggy; it was about a half day's drive and was about noon when we reached there. We took the horse to a livery stable and then went to the hotel for our dinners. Mr. Earnhart wanted to extend me this last hospitality of giving me a nice dinner, but I insisted on having the honor of paying for it myself, as it was our farewell dinner.

After dinner we went back to the stable for the horses as Mr. Earnhart had to start right back. As he stepped into the buggy and turning put his hand out to shake mine; he looked me squarely in the eye and said, "Good-by, my boy." A deep flush spread over his face and the white of his eyes showed red, but without another word he clicked to his horse and was off. I stood watching him until he turned the bend and then I turned toward the hotel, feeling for the first time that I had won my fight which had indeed been a hard one.

I inquired of the hotel clerk at once as to the schedule of the Mississippi steamboats and found the next one would leave at 3:30. I hurried around and purchased a ticket; at last I was off for the happy hunting ground. We were several days on the river as the river was low and the boat only ran during the day, but when the boat did finally arrive in Arkansas City and the stage plank was swung, I was ready, grip in hand, to land on Arkansas soil. I made one dash to the end of the stage plank and jumped and as I struck the ground I went into mud above my knees. Everybody in sight began to laugh at the Tennessee greenhorn. I pulled first one foot and then the other out of that sticky Arkansas mud until I reached sound footing. My grip looked like a ball of mud and I looked like a hog that had been wallowing in a mudhole. I took off my hat and waved it at the laughing crowd and then picked up a shingle and tried to scrape off the mud as best I could and started for the main part of town.

Arkansas City consisted of one main street; the sidewalks were built like a bridge about 10 feet above the ground and all the buildings were of rough lumber, or logs, and they also were built on stilts or piling.

I walked on up the street until I came to a saloon, rooming and boarding house combined. I walked in and called for a drink. There were two Arkansas boozers near the bar so I invited them to take a drink with me, which they accepted. One of them says, "Stranger, where are ye from?" I told them I was from Tennessee. They then made a remark about the mud all over my clothes and I told them how it came there. They laughed heartily and said, "Yes, you Ten-

nessee tenderfoots will have to learn something about Arkansas mud; it fools a fellow—sometimes he may go into it out of sight and stay out of sight,” and added, “let’s have another drink.” I accepted and we downed another drink of old corn.

The room was hot and the mud on my clothes began to dry and I tried to rub it off. The old Irish landlord said, “Me lad, youse better go outside and shake yourself of that mud; our Arkansas dogs know better than to shake off mud in the house.” I begged pardon and walked out and worked on my clothes on the board sidewalk.

I rented a bed that night from the same Irish landlord and as I was rather tired, early in the evening asked him to show me to my room. He lit a candle and led the way up one flight of stairs to a room directly over the saloon and fronting over the front entrance. He sat the candle on a small table, which was the only piece of furniture the room contained except the bed and one chair, and walked out, slamming the door behind him.

In the night I became sick to my stomach and got up and lit a candle, but when I tried to open the door I found it was locked. I didn’t know whether it had locked itself or whether the Irishman had locked it, but I didn’t care then; I was sick and something had to be done and done quick, so I rushed to the window, opened it and let her fly.

The next morning I heard a cussing break loose down under me in the saloon and I could hear the Irishman say, “I will fix that damn greenhorn.” Then I heard hurried footsteps leading to my room, so I jumped out of bed and drew on my trousers and slipped on my shoes, taking no time to tie them, but grabbed my six-shooter from under my pillow and by that time the Irishman was fumbling at my door, ordering me to open it. I told him the door was locked and if there was any key he had it. At this he ran down stairs, returning in a few minutes with the key and hastily unlocked the door. “You green son of a gun, come out of there,” he bellowed. I had my cap and ball gun in my right hand and my grip in my left. The Irishman became so abusive it got on my nerves and I told him it was his fault and if he didn’t cut out the abuse at once I would shoot his teeth down his throat. The Irishman took me at my word and we walked to the front door of the saloon where almost all of the town’s population had collected, finding amusement in our quarrel. I explained to the crowd how it was the Irishman’s fault as he had locked me in my room. One long old Arkansasean said, “Say, lad, Ise got a hotel, come over with me and it won’t cost you a cent and I will give you a key to your room,” adding “Old John got what was coming to him for locking youse in. He has been in the habit of knocking the stuffin’ out of fellows but I sees he ain’t knocking anything out of youse. I believe you has got stuff in youse; where did you hail from?” I told him and he handed me his hand, giving mine a warm shake and said, “I hail from old Ten myself; my dad used to tell me DOGS would fight but gentlemen sometimes killed a DOG. Youse took the stuffin’ out of John just right; come on.”

We walked about a block and Bob Cantrell, as I found was his name, swung the door of a building wide open and we walked in. "Ma, let me introduce you to a real Tennessean." Turning to me, "I forgot to ask your name." "Alexander," I replied.

Bob at once began to tell his wife how I had taken the stuffing out of old Irish John, and he said to her, "I thought the lad was a Tennessean the minute I saw him; a lot of these fellers has got to learn that the Tenn's don't go in to dog-fights."

I stayed that night with Bob Cantrell and enjoyed myself very much as we talked of many things in Tennessee which were of mutual interest, from the old English and Civil War to the moonshiners in East Tennessee, and we both agreed that Tennessee had produced more real brain than any state in the union. Of course they were just our natives' view of it.

This was the early part of August and cotton had just begun to open ready to pick and as it was too early to start my trapping I decided to pick cotton at least a month. Bob told me to go up the railroad about Tiller or Varner station, about 50 miles distance, and I could probably get a job as that was a good cotton belt. I purchased a ticket for Varner station over the Arkansas City and Little Rock R. R. the following day. I tried to pay Bob Cantrell for my night's lodging but he says, "No, all you owe me is to come and see me again." So with a Tennessee handshake I bid Bob and his wife good-by and mounted the train, which was made up with one passenger car and two freight cars.

The train ran through the overflow country from Arkansas City to Tiller station, then the swamp began to raise above the Mississippi floods and through this section the roadbeds were built out of logs. As we traveled the cars would rock from side to side as though the train might topple over at any time. though we were not making more than five miles an hour. After passing Tiller we reached a dirt grade. The grade had become wet from rain and all at once the train toppled over in the ditch. I was on the side that went down. I grabbed my grip and as the door could not be opened I kicked out one of the upper windows and climbed out. There the train lay, like a poor cow mired down in a mudhole. I asked the conductor how long he thought it would be before he could get the train back on the track. "God knows," was his reply. I could see a building about a half mile up the track so I deserted the train and took it afoot. As I neared the house I could see printed on it with lamp black or soot from a chimney in box-car letter the word, "Station". I asked the proprietor what station it was and he replied, "We ain't named it yet, it's too young," and he added, "we will have a name ready by next Christmas and christen it then." Then I asked him how far it was to Varner station. He told me about six miles right up the railroad track, so I started out for Varner, and it wasn't very long before I was there.

Varner had one large general merchandise store, one saloon and a boarding house. I was making inquiries about cotton picking when

a ruddy looking young fellow approached me and asked if I wanted to pick cotton, and I told him I did. "Well," he says, "I have lots of cotton to pick and I will pay 75 cents per hundred and charge \$2.50 per week for board. My wagon is here and if you want to go out with me, pile in." This I did and within an hour we had arrived at what was known as Dr. Shrell's farm. There were nigger cabins by the dozens. The niggers all seemed to be happy, some were singing and some were blowing quills; it was about night and they were coming in from their day's work.

Everything looked good to me. There was plenty of house room and a large barn for the stock and a gin house to gin the cotton. The fellow who had employed me was named A. J. Climan and was a Kentucky boy managing his uncle's farm, who was Dr. Shrell.

I was given a comfortable room and made to feel at home. Andrew, which was Mr. Climan's name and which I will call him hereafter, asked me how much cotton I could pick in a day. I told him about 200 pounds, so he gave me a sufficient number of sacks to hold 200 pounds of cotton and after breakfast I went to it. I worked hard that day and when I came in had quite a little over 200 pounds, for which I received commendation, as it was more than a cotton picker could ordinarily pick.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER VII.

Andrew Climan introduced me to a man, W. C. Skinner, whom I consider worthy of mention. Mr. Skinner was a bachelor hunter about forty-five years old and made a cotton crop on the Shrell farm on shares and as he boarded with Climan I was brought in contact with him every day.

Skinner could tell me of the entire swamp country for miles. He had had some experience hunting and trapping and was a real interesting man to talk with. I soon found out, from his tales, that there was no end to the bear, deer, wild turkeys, wolves, beaver, otter, coon, mink, lynx cat, etc.

He said he didn't work Sundays and if I liked we would go deer hunting. **Did I like!**

I picked cotton hard all week, never forgetting that Sunday we would go on our deer hunt. It was my first. I was confident I would get a buck.

After what seemed like an almost endless week Sunday came. Skinner and I were up early and as we had oiled and loaded our guns the night before, we were off in a few minutes.

Skinner had what was know as the U. S. armory gun, which was about five feet in length and shot a cartridge about the size of your forefinger. He gave me a little short sawed-off gun about three feet long, over all, and a hard looking gun for deer hunting it was. I suppose Skinner thought that would do me though as it was plain he thought the chances for a tenderfoot to shoot a deer were slim.

Just as the day was breaking we started for the swamp. It was a cold, snappy morning and the ground was a little frozen, making a brisk, crackling sound under our feet. I remember remarking that I didn't believe it a very favorable morning for hunting. Skinner looked at me in a superior way and asked why I didn't think so. I told him I thought we were making too much noise. He pooh-poohed the idea, saying it didn't make any difference. But while I hadn't hunted deer before, I wasn't quite such a greenhorn at hunting as Skinner gave me credit for and I knew the less racket made the better.

We had been out but a short time when we saw several deer running about three hundred yards from us; in fact, before nine

A. M. we had seen several bunches of deer but they were running and too far away to shoot. We were hunting in an open flat woods. The deer could, I knew, hear our every step and see us when we were three or four hundred yards away. I very soon came to the conclusion that Skinner was not the hunter he thought he was. About this time we came to a deep "bayou". At this point the swamp was broken, having some small branches and creeks running into the bayou. I remarked to Skinner that this looked better because we could slip on a deer where the land was as it was there. "Well, he said, "they have all laid down by this time and we had just as well go home." I told him no, I wanted to hunt all day, or kill a deer. I wanted to go up a ravine alone and see if I could slip up on one. He said, "Yes, you had better stay with me or you might get lost." I told him if I did I had all day to find my way back. "Go ahead," he said, "if you have to lay in this swamp two or three days you won't think it's fun." I was really anxious to get away from Skinner. His method of hunting did not conform with my idea at all.

I walked up the ravine about one hundred yards from where I left Skinner and stopped to listen. Suddenly I heard a scarcely audible rustling of the leaves just above me on the bank. Almost afraid to stir for fear of frightening it away if it should be a deer, I cautiously looked up and there, sure enough, was a five-point buck slowly strolling along with his nose on the ground, trailing, I suppose, other deer. I cocked both hammers of the gun, raised it to my shoulder and taking good aim just behind his left shoulder, pulled the triggers. Both barrels fired, knocking me backward two or three steps. The deer did not fall, but ran as if crippled. He ran in sight of Skinner and I heard his gun fire so I broke into a run toward where I had heard the report of his gun. I soon ran upon him where he was confusedly trying to trail the deer by the blood. He looked up quickly. "You did shoot one, didn't you?" "Yes," I said, "and wasn't over fifteen feet from him." "Can't see why he didn't stop," he replied. "You certainly crippled him; I could see his left front leg was broken."

We tried to trail the deer but the ground was hard and he was not bleeding much. Finally we concluded the best thing to do would be to get the dogs to trail him. So Skinner set off for the house to get the dogs and I promised to stay until his return. In the meantime, I tried to pick up the trail of the deer but could not. But it wasn't long until Skinner returned with a bunch of all kinds of dogs, mostly curs, and James Climan came with him astride a mule. The dogs very soon hit the trail and we could hear them when they caught the deer which wasn't so very far away. James Climan struck out after them on his mule, Skinner and I afoot. Climan reached the deer first, jumped off his mule and grabbed the struggling deer by the horns. When we arrived the old buck was standing on his hind feet, foaming and striking with his right foreleg. The dogs had a firm hold on his hams and Climan had a firm hold on his horns, but in spite of this and the fact that his left foreleg was broken the buck was putting up a brave and hard fight. When Climan saw me his eyes looked like dogwood blossoms. "Shoot him," he yelled. But

I could see at a glance that this would be folly as it would endanger the life of Climán and the dogs as well. Skinner yelled to Climán to turn the buck loose but Climán said he couldn't. The buck then had kicked the seat out of his pants and ripped one pants leg open and was still pawing and kicking at him until Climán realized he would be in more danger to let go than to hold on. Skinner and I realized this also so Skinner hastily ran around behind Climán and reaching from in back of him slit the buck's throat. Climán kept a firm hold until the buck fell, then he let go and began to examine himself to learn, if possible, just how much he was hurt. Though the deer had done no real serious damage he had cut several gashes in Climán's flesh. This convinced me that the advice of the old Tennesseans was right when they had told me "Never to take hold of a wounded deer."

Believe me, though. I was tickled because we finally grounded our deer, because it was my first. We loaded him on the mule and started for home. As Climán was leading the mule through some thick trees the head of the buck struck a tree and horned the mule in the flanks. The mule gave one lunge forward, kicked at Climán, who immediately let go of the rein. and away he went, bucking and bellowing like a cow. We all followed on a run and soon came upon the saddle and buck all in a heap but the mule was out of sight. There was nothing for us to do then but to carry the saddle and deer ourselves. We arrived home, with our burden, about noon and the niggers all gathered around my deer. An old nigger said, "Hoo killt dat dere deer?" I told him I did. He looked at me in surprise and said, "Wid dat short shotgun?" I said, "Yes." He said, "He shua must hab been sleepin' and you slipped up on hem. Dat gun won't shoot more dan twenty feet 'cause I took it huntin' one day and shot all my amunishion and didn't tetch a hair. Youse certainly must be some hunta to kill anything wid dat gun."

The niggers took charge of dressing the deer as they always considered this their duty.

After that excitement I had to settle down to a week of cotton picking but, as was inevitable, the next Sunday rolled around, which was set for another deer hunt. In the meantime I had struck up an acquaintance with an old black nigger by the name of Uncle Adam. Uncle Adam had one of those old Kentucky cap and ball muzzle loading rifles. I asked him to loan me his rifle. He said, "Ise doesn't loan my rifle, but beings as youse took that short shotgun and killed a five-pinter I am gwine to break my rules and you can take my gun," adding, "and wid dis gun youse won't hab to slip up on dem when dey is sleepin' eider."

Uncle Adam's gun was about five feet high and weighed 12 pounds. It had two triggers—one the hair trigger. It was a bird for those days.

Skinner and I were off Sunday morning for my second deer hunt. I proposed to Skinner that we separate as soon as we had reached the hunting grounds and I made up my mind that this time I was going to use my best judgment about hunting and it certainly wasn't walking in the most open places, noisily as possible like a wooden man,

which was Skinner's method. He agreed to hunt single and cautioning me not to get lost, we parted company. Before he left he told me if I got lost I would hear him blowing his horn at the house in the evening and could tell by that which direction to walk.

It soon began to drizzle rain, which made an ideal day to hunt deer. I had not walked more than two hours when I saw four deer feeding under an overcup acorn tree. I watched them a minute or two and could see that they had no knowledge of my presence and as I was afraid the distance might be a little too far for Uncle Adam's gun, I got down on my knees and crawled up behind a large tree within 40 yards of the deer. There were two old does and their yearlings feeding, as do sheep. I laid the old rifle by the side of the tree, for a rest, and taking good aim, shot. At the crack of the gun, down went one of the does. The other three deer made a few jumps and stopped. I hid behind the tree while I reloaded my gun and then peeking around I saw all three deer still standing near where they first stopped, except the doe was slowly and inquisitively advancing on the one I had shot. I raised the old gun again. I was getting pretty nervous now. I took what I thought was good aim but the gun made what we call long fire and I missed my shot. This time, of course, they ran away.

I then turned my attention to the one I had already killed. I took the internals out of it and hung it on a small tree. It was early in the morning and I was sure I could kill one or two more. I then resumed my hunt.

I did not hunt like my friend Skinner. He would cover a great deal of ground. I would only cover a short distance and often would stand and look for thirty or forty minutes without moving. These were the instructions I had received from the old Tennessee and Kentucky hunters I met so often at my father's distillery.

I had not gone far from where I had killed the deer, and was standing quietly looking around, and pretty soon I saw a young yearling deer coming almost toward me. I stood perfectly still until the deer walked up within thirty or forty yards, then I raised the old rifle, took good aim and snap went the cap. I quickly replaced another cap and snap again, then placed on the third and let her go again. By that time the deer had walked out of my sight. Upon investigation I found that I had got the powder wet in the tube so she would not fire, so I decided to go to the house, which was not more than one-half mile. I arrived about 11 A. M. Old Adam was standing on the front gallery. "Did you kill him?" I replied in the affirmative. He said, "I tol Mr. Andrew I heard Old Blumore bark twice and I said, 'Ah bet dat boy has killed another one'."

I ate my dinner and rested a little while and Uncle Adam and a couple more negro men went with me to help pack in the deer.

Night came and Skinner had not shown up so I took the blowing horn and blew it at intervals, so Skinner could get his course and come in. When I began to blow the horn Skinner sounded his gun, I judged about one mile distance, so I quit blowing and waited about an hour, when I went out and blew it again, but this time I heard no

answering shot so I went to bed. The next morning while we were eating breakfast Skinner walked in. His first remark was: "Why did you not keep up blowing the horn? You just blew it enough to confuse me. I was on the right course when you began to blow and I got tangled up in some cane and rattan vines and lost my course." "Where did you stay last night?" I asked. He said, "In the swamp, of course," was the none too cheerful reply and at that everyone (niggers and all) gave Skinner the horse-laugh. I felt sorry for him, though. His eyes were red and he looked all in and was as wet as a drowned rat.

Again it was Monday and cotton picking time. Evenings Skinner would talk about hunting and trapping and finally we agreed to go partners for the winter.

The next Sunday had arrived and another deer hunt was planned. Skinner had failed two Sundays in succession, which stung him a little. This third Sunday we had made arrangements to ride instead of walk. Skinner said we could bell our saddle horses and the deer would not get frightened at a belled horse. Andrew Climan proposed to let me ride Old Beck, which was a large black mule which was not gun shy. When we started old Adam said, "Mr. Skinner, we want to see you bring in a buck today. Don't let that boy hunter beats you again."

Off we went, prepared for a hunt. Skinner killed two deer that day and I only killed one. I was really glad as Skinner seemed a little worried as he had killed no deer in two days' hunt.

The niggers took our deer and dressed them as it meant meat in the fat for them.

Skinner proposed one day that he sell his cotton crop in the field and we would start on our hunting and trapping as soon as possible. In a few days he sold to Andrew Climan, but had to go to Pine Bluff to get the money he was to receive for his cotton crop. I had never met many untruthful men so I trustingly gave Mr. Skinner \$60.00 to pay for my part of the outfit, including traps and a gun. This only left me \$4.00 and I could see no use of going with Skinner to Pine Bluff when I could remain and be picking cotton.

A week elapsed. Skinner did not return and I thought he had been delayed, but another week elapsed and no Skinner. This put me on nettles. Finally one day Andrew Climan heard from his uncle stating he paid Skinner his money and he had gone on a spree and got into trouble of some kind and was then in jail. I then knew I had misplaced confidence in Skinner and said farewell to my \$60.00. This stung, but what was there to do?

Andrew Climan, superintendent of the farm, was a fine young Kentuckian and he saw that I was awfully put out because I did not have enough money to buy my trapping outfit. He offered to loan me the money to buy the outfit and let me have old Beck, the hunting-mule, to hunt on and pay me three cents per pound for deer and three cents per pound for all the wild hogs I could kill. I accepted his proposition on the spot. The traps, slicker coat and rubber boots were ordered at once and it wasn't long before they arrived and you can bet the minute I got them I quit picking cotton.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER VIII.

I set my first trap line in Arkansas. I am satisfied you readers of today can't draw any idea how plentiful the game was in Arkansas 45 years ago. There were deer, bear, wolves, panther, beaver, otter, lynx, lynx cat, coon, mink, wild turkeys and wild hogs by the thousands. They were so plentiful they made trails as domestic animals make today. Anything like a trapper could trap one day and catch all the animals he could skin and stretch their pelts each day. A hunter and trapper's paradise was a mild term for Arkansas those days. I have seen logs spanning rivers, creeks and bayous that the bears have crossed so much that they had worn footprints in the hard timber. I have seen deer trails equal to any band of sheep, and beaver dams one-half mile in length, varying from one foot to seven feet high, where they had dammed the outlet of lakes and small streams. I have seen beaver houses ten or fifteen feet in width, five or six feet high and they would make trails from lake to lake and from stream to stream, as plain as a sled road.

I have seen where otter made slides up and down the bank of lakes and streams for forty or fifty yards, leaving fish scales by the bushel. I have seen coon and mink trails as plain as the children's trail to a country school house. Just think of such a hunting ground for a boy of my tact and caliber.

The following day I went to my traps. I had caught four coon and one mink and one beaver. This put me to it to skin and stretch. I reset my traps.

Day after day I would catch as many animals as I could skin, such as coon and mink, but made no headway on beaver and otter.

There was a station, Grady, where we went to get our mail once a week. As I went to Grady I met several hunters but one trapper, and he was getting up in years. His name was Hugh Dennis. Old Hugh was red-headed and liked barley-corn too much but was a pretty good fellow otherwise. Every time we met he would ask me how I was getting along with my trapping. I told him fine, except I could not catch beaver as fast as I would like to. Old Hugh said, "Let me sell you a receipt to make beaver bait; it won't cost you but \$10.00 and you will make that back in a short time." I knew Hugh had sold the Selth boys, who were trapping, his receipt and I was

catching more beaver than they were, so I had but little faith in Hugh's bait.

One Saturday I rode over to Grady station and ran across old Hugh in Tom Moore's saloon. He was feeling pretty hilarious and soon began talking noisily about trapping and turning to me said, "I see you are going to make a trapper and I have a good notion to larn you how to make beaver bait."

I told Hugh not to spoil a good notion. I had often treated old Hugh and thought this a good time to throw one or two more under his belt, so I treated him to a drink or two and then persuaded him to go home. We mounted our mules and started, as we traveled the same road. As we rode along Hugh reeled first to one side and then to the other and, as I had hoped, began to tell me how to make beaver bait. I listened intently to every word Hugh said, and not only did I listen but I impressed every word upon my mind. It was a long receipt.

As soon as I arrived home, having the castor sacks and oil stone of beaver, I had previously caught, I proportioned it as Hugh had directed and the following day I used Hugh's bait. To my surprise the next morning as I was running my trap line, I had caught four beaver and during the same week I caught ten more, making a total catch of fourteen beaver in one week. This may seem unreasonable to you readers, but it was a fact.

The next Saturday I met old Hugh Dennis at Grady station. He said, "Well, kid, how be ye gettin' along catchin' beavers?" I told him fine, that I had caught fourteen that week. He looked at me, surprise in his face, and said, "Who larned you how to make bait?" When I told him he did he looked even more surprised and said, "When did I tell you how?" I told him when and he asked me to repeat it as he had given it to me. I told him his receipt and when I had finished he said, "Well, that is a very good bait, but I will tell you one that is better." Hugh was pretty sober at the time and proceeded to give me what he said was a better bait.

As soon as I reached home I started to compound Hugh's "sober bait" as I called it. I used it exclusively in baiting all my traps only to find the next morning that I had no beaver and the second morning I found I had no beaver. I began to smell a rat. I was trapping for beaver in a large cypress brake which the beaver had dammed. This brake had an outlet that ran into another brake. As I was crossing this outlet, which was almost dry, I ran into a regular beaver road, all their tracks going down this draw. I followed the beaver to where the draw entered into another lake. Here I saw lots of fresh cut trees and knew the beaver had left the upper lake. Do you know what old Hugh Dennis had done? He had given me a formula that instead of attracting beaver drove them away, made them leave their home and go somewhere else, so I immediately dropped Hugh's "sober bait" and thereafter used only his "drunken bait," which was fine.

I caught exactly forty beaver, thirty-four coon, nine otter, sixty-three mink, thirty-two deer and several wild hogs and turkeys all told that season. I sold my furs at Little Rock, Arkansas, and when I had settled all bills I had about \$65.00 a month clear, for five months'

sport, a net sum of \$325.00. This was more money than I had ever had before at one time. Spring was now at hand and I was contemplating going to the Indian Territory to spend the summer. About this time Andrew Climan received a letter from his uncle, Dr. Shrell, that Skinner had a job superintending a farm and to tell me I might get my money if I would go see Skinner. The doctor gave the name of the parties Skinner was working for; they lived in Pine Bluff. As I was just about ready to start for the Indian Territory, which is now Oklahoma, and as Pine Bluff was on my way, I stopped to see Skinner about my \$60.00, which he had blown in. I went to his employer and asked where they had Skinner at work and they told me about twelve miles in the country on a farm. I told them Skinner was a friend of mine and I wanted to see him on business, so they gave me directions.

The following day I hired a livery stable saddle horse and rode out to the farm that Skinner was superintending. I found him with a bunch of negroes repairing a fence.

As Skinner saw me ride up he dropped the hammer he was driving nails with, walked straight to me, shook hands and expressed his joy at seeing me. Then he turned to his negroes and told them to go on with the fence as he was going to the house with his friend. We started to the house; Skinner began at once, "I have just got enough money earned to pay you your sixty dollars. I am awfully glad you came as I was going to Pine Bluff this week and send it to you."

Then he went on to tell me how he got on a drunk and the police beat him up with clubs and threw him in jail and robbed him. Skinner had a mulatto woman for a cook and she was a fine cook. Skinner said to her upon reaching the house, "Do your best at getting up a good dinner as this is my friend." His cook soon had us a splendid meal. I remained with Skinner over night and he gave me an order to his employer for sixty dollars. I was certainly glad to make this collection as I had worked hard for it and had long since pronounced it lost.

I returned to Pine Bluff where the order was paid, then I purchased a railroad ticket for Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, where I spent about a week until I became tired of the city, then I decided to go to the Indian Territory. I learned that Fort Smith was located on the line between the Territory and Arkansas and would be a desirable place to learn more about the Indians. As I was strolling around the railroad depot I met a stranger that had come from Fort Smith the day previous on the excursion train. He remarked to me, "I have a ticket to Fort Smith on the excursion train which I came down on yesterday and which returns today and I am going to get off at Russellville, and if you will buy a ticket on the regular train, which goes out ahead of the excursion, you can get off at Russellville and when the excursion arrives I will get off, sell you my ticket on to Fort Smith and you can get the excursion and go on; this will save you about \$2.50." This sounded good to me so I accepted his proposition. When he stepped off the train where he wished to go I paid him the agreed price for his ticket and boarded

the excursion train, and after it had run three or four miles the conductor called for my ticket. I handed it to him, he gave me an angry look and asked me where I got on the train. I told him Russellville. He said, "Did you know that this was the excursion and no one could ride except those that came from Fort Smith?" I told him I didn't, that I had purchased the ticket from one of the excursion passengers and if it wasn't good, I would pay my fare in money on to Fort Smith. "No," he said, "You will get off this train right here." He reached and pulled the bell cord and the train began to slow down. He still had my ticket between his finger and thumb, and seeing he was going to put me off, my Irish raised to a white heat. I rose from my seat, took the conductor by the wrist with my left hand and took the ticket out of his hand with my right, saying to him, "This ticket belongs to me." It took him by surprise and I could see him weaken and show yellow. I did not take the ticket from the conductor because I wanted it, or thought it would be of any value to me, but I thought he would start something, which I wanted him to do. If he had I am sure I would have smashed him up, for I was mad to think of being put off in the woods like a dog. The train came to a stop and I walked off. It was about four miles back to Russellville. I had a heavy valise to carry so I sat down at intervals to rest. Once as I stopped to rest I felt in my vest pocket, took out the ticket and it read, "Good for one first class passenger to Little Rock and return to Fort Smith," and the dates were given but it mentioned no names. As I thought over the matter I could not see why my ticket would not be good for any passenger and when I arrived at Russellville I decided to see a lawyer, which I did and explained the case. He said, "You have a good case; you had just as much right on that train as the conductor." He inquired of me my business and what I wanted to do, then he said, "We have a clear case of damage against the railroad company, and if you want to fight them a year or two we may get a judgment against them all the way from one to five thousand dollars. But if you don't want to go into a law suit we can notify them and they will propose a compromise." This I told the lawyer I thought best as I did not want to worry around with a law suit.

All this happened on Friday. The lawyer immediately wired the company, which was at Little Rock, what he had against them and offered, if they would come to Russellville Monday, we would try to come to a compromise.

Representatives of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad were at Russellville Monday. We came to a compromise by dividing \$500.00 between my attorney and me and they gave me a first class ticket on to Fort Smith.

I remained in Fort Smith about a week, during which time I became acquainted with a man by the name of Bill Reading, a man about forty-five years old. He told me he lived in the Territory and gave me an invitation to come to see him, after we had become pretty intimate. As he found I was a wild Bill myself, our friendship grew at once. I went home with Reading and met his family. There were several of them.

In my next chapter I will tell of my first Indian experience.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER IX.

When Bill Reading and I reached his home in the Cherokee nation, I was hospitably introduced to his family which consisted of his wife, two daughters and three sons, as well as Bill Parrish, a half breed Cherokee Indian employed as a farm hand.

Bill Parrish was a typical Cherokee, showing but a little of the white man. We were well met as we had an instinct somewhat similar. He was a good hunter and loved it. Bill wore his straight black hair bobbed just like the women bob their hair now. I think he was a little ashamed to wear his hair in a long plait as the full-bloods do but at the same time I could see that he was proud that he was an Indian. Bill and I became friends at once and the same old Sunday deer hunting started the following Sunday after I arrived at Bill Reading's. There was but one deer killed on the first hunt, and Bill killed that. Reading had two half-breed dogs. They were a cross between the shepherd and bull-dog. He would tell these dogs that there was coon in the corn and they would start at once to search the farm. Often we would hear the dogs tree them and Bill and the younger Reading boys and I would go to the dogs to see the coon fight.

I remember one night the dogs treed an old coon and four of her young up one tree, which had been deadened and was partly rotten. I climbed the tree and gave it a shake and most of the rotten limbs broke and let the coon fall. It was a wonder some of the limbs did not strike me and knock me cold, but being a fool for luck, I was unharmed.

Bill and I had several deer hunts during the summer and had fine success.

In August I decided to go back to southeast Arkansas and take up my trapping. Having left my outfit with my friend Andrew Climan, I did not return on the train, but decided to purchase a row boat and row down the Arkansas River, about 350 miles distance by water. I thought it would be a fine trip, which it was. I secured a large skiff near Fort Smith and bought myself a frying pan, coffee pot and one tin cup as my cooking outfit.

I would mix my flapjack flour in my tin cup, fry my sourbelly in the frying pan, then fry my flapjacks, wash the dough out of the cup and use it to drink my coffee. I bought a couple of blankets to use as a bed and I usually used a rock as a pillow. After I had all the equipment I thought necessary I bid the Reading family farewell, climbed aboard and was on my way down the Arkansas River.

I rowed hard all the first day, and also fast, and the first night I met a fisherman living in a houseboat and as he was all alone he asked me to spend the night with him and, of course, I eagerly accepted the invitation. We got to talking about fishing and the old fisherman asked me why I didn't fish as I went down the river. I asked how I could do that. "Why," he replied, "You see this here hook; you take hooks like this and make them fast with large stout lines about 12 feet long and then tie the line to a piece of timber about half the size of a ten-foot fence rail and bate the hooks with pieces of neck beef about the size of your fist, and when you come to where the water looks deep, just drop out your hooks and float and just let them drift. You will catch some of the dandiest fish you ever saw. As you float down the river the bait floats between the fish. They think it is just something floating away and grab it. They will, of course, fight terribly but will finally exert all their strength and you can pull them in."

All of this sounded good to me, so I bought enough material from the fisherman to rig myself out and he helped me fix my lines. I put the outfit in my boat and was on my way down the river. The first long stretch of water I came to I threw out my lines as the fisherman had directed, and I don't believe they floated over 100 yards until one of my floats jerked under. It raised to the top of the water, but in one instant it was jerked out of sight again. This was done three or four times, and at last it came to the top of the water and circled around. I made for the float with my boat, caught it and the fish began anew. He chased around with my boat, but soon gave up and floated to the top. The fish looked like a whale to me and did weight 68 pounds. I caught two more fish the same day. I tied the monsters to the back end of my boat and rowed down the river to the first town, where I sold them at three cents per pound. This way of fishing was new to me but was fine sport, as well as profitable. I caught many large fish on that trip down the Arkansas River, some of them weighed well up to 80 pounds. I remember one day I had caught two very large yellow cat and they were hard to tow as they would pull my boat out of line.

I saw a fine spring running down out of a bluff into the river. As I neared the spring and landed my boat a farmer came to the spring and as the fish kept my boat in motion, the farmer asked what was moving it that way. I told him it was two fish which I had tied to the boat. Out of curiosity the farmer stepped into my boat and pulled one of the fish to the surface of the water, saying: "Gee whilcan, what a fish." He then pulled the second fish to the surface, with even more surprise. "God Almighty," says he, "How did you

catch 'em?" I told him, in short, and he asked me what I was going to do with them. I told him I intended to sell them, and the farmer then asked what I would take for one of them and I told him all I could get. He immediately wanted to make a bargain. He said, "I have got lots of bacon and I will give you one pound of bacon for every pound of fish. How does that strike you?" I agreed and we dragged the fish to the farmer's house, which was only a short distance. We weighed the fish in his smokehouse. It weighed 82 pounds. The farmer drew a long breath, looked up at his bacon and back at the fish, and said, "Don't like to break my word, but that will take all the bacon which I have, but," says he, "I will give you one of these large midlins for him." I told the farmer that would be all right, so he helped me carry the midlin of meat to my boat, and I was again rowing down the Arkansas River.

This midlin of meat lay on the bow of my boat in the hot sun until I reached southeast Arkansas.

You readers remember the little incident of the conductor putting me off the train at Russellville as I was going to the Indian Territory. My stay there had been short but during that time I had become acquainted with a fiddler by the name of Tison. Tison's eyes did not match—one was dark blue and the other a pale blue. By chance I had met Tison at a country dance near Russellville on Saturday night before I left for Fort Smith on Monday. Tison being a fiddler and me with an "itching" heel, always ready to dance, we soon became great cronies. As I drifted down the river I thought of Tison, wondering if we would ever meet again. One evening just before night I landed my boat with the view of going to a farmhouse near by to get a jug of water. As I walked toward the house I observed a couple of men coming toward me. I stopped along the roadside and waited until they drew near and lo, who should it be but old Tison. We joyously greeted each other and asked the why for of our meeting at this place. He said he was down there picking cotton, and he added, "I have my fiddle with me and I am sure glad to meet you." Then he told me how often he had thought of me since our brief acquaintance and how he had wondered if the redskins had got me, then he added brightly, "Say, the field where we are picking cotton is lined with watermelons; what say you if we take our cotton sacks and bring down two sacks of melons? We can also cook one of those big fish tonight and have a feast." That would be fine, I thought, and off went Tison and his friend after the melons and his fiddle and I proceeded toward the farmhouse for a jug of water.

We met about forty yards below my boat, where there was lots of driftwood to make a camp-fire. A fire was started and while Tison and his friend were dressing the catfish, which weighed about 40 pounds, I was busy making coffee and frying flapjacks so we could fry the fish in the pan, which was the only cooking vessel I had except the coffee pot. Supper was soon under way and Tison and his friend would eat fish as fast as I could fry them. I didn't care for the fish.

though, as I had eaten and handled fish for so long that I didn't think that I could ever relish them again. After I had filled Tison and his friend with fish, flapjacks and black coffee, I washed my frying pan and tin cup, "which was a short horse to curry."

After we had a nice little visit, old Tison picked up his fiddle and said, "I didn't think I would ever see you dance again, but rake off a place there in the sand, and let me see if you have forgotten." I had not heard any music all summer, as the Reading family seemed absolutely void of any musical talent whatever, so, of course, I was anxious to hear Tison play. As Tison thumped the strings and drew his bow across the fiddle that old familiar feeling stirred within me. Oh! how I enjoyed to dance! Tison played and I danced and danced. We kept it up off and on for two hours, when we decided to put in the balance of the night telling one another of our experiences, jokes, etc. Just about sunup the next morning, as we had just finished our breakfast, we heard a hog squeal and tugging at my boat. As we looked lo and behold, the farmer's hogs had climbed in my boat and as I had not taken the bait off of my fish-hooks, they had greedily swallowed hook, bait and all and were running and squealing, dragging the blocks of wood which were used as floats to catch the fish. We ran after one of the hogs until we caught it and endeavored to release the hook, which was four inches long and strong enough to hold a horse. The hook had gone through the roof of the hog's mouth and the point came through just below the hog's eyes. It was plainly seen that the whole bunch of hogs would have to be butchered before the hooks could be removed. I stepped down to our camp-fire, picked up my frying pan, coffee pot and tin cup and dropped them in my boat. I bid Tison good-by and told him I would leave it with him, then I shoved off my boat and rowed down the river, and I didn't row slow. I knew when the farmer saw what a predicament I had gotten his hogs into that in all probability he would be mad and stir up trouble. I have always thought that I acted yellow, but we often do that when acting on our first impulse, which is something that should never be done in a case like that, for in most instances our first impulse in anything is to take the easiest way out, follow the lines of least resistance as it were, and this way in most cases is the most cowardly way. This is the last I ever saw of Tison the Russellville fiddler.

This broke up my fishing, as the hogs had robbed me of my fishing tackle. Day after day I rowed down the Arkansas River and in the evenings which were nice I let my boat drift all night, and by so doing I would save myself considerable hard rowing. The water in the river was very low and except in places here and there, there was not much current. The boat was plenty large enough to sleep in and in the evening I would go ashore, make my supper, fix my bed, hop in and push her off and all night long I would drift down the Arkansas River.

One especially beautiful starlit night I made up my bed about the usual time and as the boat rocked so gently and the air was so fresh

and warm, I was soon fast asleep, and the boat drifted on and on. It ran into a shoal where there was a fall clear across the river. I was sound asleep when all at once my boat began to rock and pitch which, of course, awoke me. My boat had lodged on a rock that projected out of the water. I saw at a glance that I was in a very swift rapid and I could see the fall not more than 10 or 15 feet below me. The water was running like a mill-tail and I was in a dangerous predicament. I knew I could not make it to the bank as the water would carry me over the falls and I could see the only way to keep my boat straight was to head it for the falls. I stood on the rock on which the boat was lodged and led it until I had it on the lower side of the rock, which faced the falls. Giving it the hardest shove I could, I jumped in it and leaped the falls as perfectly as a good jumping horse could have done it and as she went over the only sound was a big "surplash." The leap was so perfect that I don't think that one drop of water went into the boat. After this narrow escape I tied the boat to a limb that swung over the river and there I remained until the next day.

The next day I pursued my course. One day I met another farmer who had thousands of watermelons. He gave me some fine ones and offered to sell me my pick at five cents each. He told me I could easily get 25 cents each for them in Little Rock, which was now only about 50 miles away. I thought I might as well pick up a few cents on the side, so I purchased all my boat would hold. When I did finally arrive at Little Rock and investigate the market I found they were worth from two to three cents each. Of course, after paying for drayage uptown, this would leave me nothing so I thought I might as well give the negroes and poor people a treat. I did this and there was enough to swell a number of sides.

The following day I pulled for Pine Bluff and from there to Wild Cat landing, where I sold my boat, cleaned myself up and hit out for Andrew Climan's, my friend, whom I had stayed with the previous winter. Upon my arrival I was given a most hearty welcome by Andrew Climan and James Climan, his brother, who had taken the old buck by the horns. Uncle Adam said, "Mister Alexander, we niggers all welcome youse back. We knows now we will have plenty of deer dis winter. Old Blumore, my old rifle, am lyin' in the rack and when I goes home and tells her youse am back, I looks to see her stand on her feet."

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER X.

It was about the middle of September when I arrived at Dr. Shrell's farm in southeast Arkansas. The leaves had begun to change their color and deer hunting time was near, so near in fact that I could hardly wait until the time came. I took Uncle Adam's old rifle one day and mounted the mule, old Beck, that I had used the previous winter, placed a large cowbell on the mule and rode into the swamp. I don't think I had been out an hour until I saw eight or ten deer feeding. I rode, not direct, but on an angle, toward the deer, getting nearer to them as I advanced until I was within sixty or seventy yards. Old Beck was eating swich cane and rattling the bell every time she bit the cane. The deer seemed to pay but little attention to us; however, when I thought I was near enough I slid off of old Beck, keeping the mule between me and the deer. I shot one of them and the rest made a jump or two and stopped. I reloaded the rifle and fired again—down came another one; the rest of them made a few jumps and began to shigh around. I reloaded the gun, and taking rest on old Beck's back, fire and down came the third deer. This was the best I had ever done at one time and I was certainly elated. I loaded the three deer on old Beck and started for the house. Old Adam was on hand as Andrew used him around the house. "Well, Boss," said Adam, "I heard her bark three times and I knowed dere was meat for de pap," adding "If dat Mr. Skinner was here and seed dese three deer he would sink in his boots for Skinner was jealous ob you anyway."

Uncle Adam took charge of the deer and I spent the remainder of the day with Andrew Climan. He and I went all over the farm, which brought me in contact with all the niggers and they all had some remark to make, expressing themselves in the highest of nigger respect.

The next morning I saddled old Beck and rode to Grady station. There I met old Hugh Dennis and a number of my other old acquaintances. Old Hugh, the drinker trapper, said, "Lad, how come those Indians didn't get your scalp?" I told him I had but one

narrow escape. "How was that?" says he. I proceeded to tell him of the incident and the bunch stood around eyes, ears and mouth wide open in order not to miss a bit of my adventure. I went on to say:

"I went hunting one day and had taken a seat on a bluff or rock near the top of a mountain. As I sat there viewing the lay of the country, I happened to look back the way I had come and saw two Indians sneaking on my trail. I watched them until I was fully convinced that they were trailing me and I thought the best thing to do was to beat it—I did not want to kill the Indians as that would start trouble, neither did I want them to kill me. As they drew nearer they caught sight of me running and took after me at a fast pace. As the mountains were rough and the Indians were fleeter of foot and had better wind owing to their vigorous life, they soon caught me."

At this juncture I stopped talking and looked around to see just how my story was taking; they all stood excited and spellbound, they had all swallowed the entire lie. Hugh Dennis broke the silence with "And what did they do with you?" "They killed me and took my scalp." From this there was a big hearty laugh from all and Tom Morris, the saloon keeper, gave us all a drink.

I remained at Grady the greater part of that day, enjoying myself to the utmost. I blew in a ten-dollar bill in no time, treating my Arkansas friends, niggers and whites.

I am afraid you readers might have gotten the impression that I was an awful soak. I would not have this impression left as it is far from true, though I will admit I took a reasonable amount of John Barleycorn, especially when tired; and could do my part always in social drinking, always keeping a gauge on the size of the drinks.

The next morning I got out my steel traps, gave them a thorough cleaning, made a lot of stretching boards and hoops on which to stretch the beaver and the balance of my time for two weeks was taken up riding over the territory which I intended to trap. I could see no difference in the signs of the animals. They had trails in every direction. In this survey I saw lots of deer, but did not shoot them as the weather was warm and the three I had previously killed were sufficient for the present. I had never killed a bear but was always on the watch for one. At this time the acorns had just begun to fall. They were the principal feed for bear at that season. As I was standing listening, I heard a racket and a sound much like the breaking of timber. I located the sound and cautiously advanced toward it, and as I stopped in order that I would not frighten the bear, in case that it was one, I perceived the shaking of the limbs in a large oak tree. I stood perfectly still and pretty soon Mr. Bear reached out his paw and pulled in a limb of the tree. I advanced closer. I could now see three bears up the tree, feeding on acorns. They would reach out, pull the small branches to them and eat the acorns.

As my position was not clear to shoot from, I slipped up within forty yards of the tree the bear was in, keeping myself hid behind

large trees as I advanced. When I peeked around the tree I was hiding behind, I could see all three bears plainly. I picked out the largest one. I steadied Uncle Adam's rifle by the side of the tree and taking good aim I fired. When the gun cracked all three bears fell as though they were shot; two of them ran and the one I had shot was turning summersaults in the leaves.

I was not surprised when all three bears turned all holds loose and fell to the ground, at the crack of my gun, as I had many times heard old hunters tell how they would sail when hearing an unexpected shot.

The next thing was to skin and dress the bear, which was no simple job. After I had dressed it, I went after old Beck and led her to where I had dressed the bear. She began to snort and shy, and the longer I held her and tried to pacify her, the more frightened she became. I tried to place a quarter of the bear on her back—she pulled and rared and had the tie rope been weaker, she surely would have broken it. Finally I decided about the only thing to do was to blindfold her, so I took off my vest and tied it over her eyes. She would snort and prance like a young mule, but I finally got the bear tied on with a diamond hitch I learned from Bill Parrish, my Cherokee Indian friend. I petted old Beck and let her smell of my blood-stained hands until finally she quieted down and I took my vest off of her eyes. She snorted a little but I could see she was well over her fright. I released the rope and led her home, a distance of about three miles.

When I arrived it was about night and all the niggers on the farm had come in from picking cotton and as the killing of a bear was not a common occurrence, they all collected around old Beck and began to make nigger remarks. One nigger said, "When youse eat bear it makes youens fingers so limber youse can pick twice as much cotton"; and another said, "Dat ain't all, youse can grease youse lips wid bar grease and youse can sing like a mocking bird"; and still another said, "Yes, and dat ain't all, youse take one of dese bear paws and lay it over your door and no nigger can hoodoo youse as long as youse let da bar paw stay over de door"; another remarked, "Youse can take dis bar skin and roll up in it and sleep among the wild hogs and dey won't come near youse." One said, "Yes, nigger, if de bars had been runnin' youse ever since youse were a kid, youse would not go dare neder." Uncle Adam said, "Yes, you niggers can talk mighty big after de white folks has killed de bar. I has libbed a long time and Ise has never seen a bar a nigger kilt yet, but I had seen where a nigger has tore all his close and shoes off him runnin' from de bar."

The good old time niggers took the mule and bear and attended to the rest. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for them for they knew their place. A great many who don't know the negro as he is think the Southern people were cruel to them, but that is a mistake. The Southern man is the best friend which the negro has, and all sensible negroes know it to be a fact. When he behaves him-

self and doesn't try to force himself on the Southern people he really has better protection than any ordinary man.

About the first of October I began to set my trap line. I had added two dozen traps to the original four dozen which I had used the winter previous, as I wanted to trap some timber wolves, bear and panther. After I got my trap line straightened out, day after day I would catch all the beaver, otter and wolves I could skin. Sometimes when I would come in on old Beck with a deer, a wild hog and my pelts, I would be so tired but would work until 9 or 10 o'clock stretching my skins. I kept this up until Christmas, then I went to Little Rock and sold a bunch of my furs. They brought me something over \$500.00, so I bought me a nice suit of clothes and things I needed and returned to my trap lines.

I only captured one panther and two bears during the winter, but I had caught 168 beaver and otter, mostly beaver, 22 wolves and a number of coon and mink, also killed all the deer and wild hogs the Shrell farm could consume.

Spring arrived and it was again time to sell furs and as I had seen but little of the Indian Territory on my first trip I decided to return and give it a general exploring. So after taking up my trap lines and drying the pelts of my latest catches, I bid my friends adieu and told them I would return the next fall. "Yes," said Andrew Climan, "If the Indians don't scalp you we'll sure be glad to see you back."

Uncle Adam took me to Grady where we met the old Grady bunch again. We took a few drinks and swapped a few lies and by that time my train was due for Little Rock. They all knew then that I was going back to the territory and as I boarded the train it was amid several remarks such as "Don't let the Indians scalp you." I waved my hat and the train pulled out.

I arrived in Little Rock the same day and the following day I sold my furs—the winter's catch netted me over \$1200.00 and this roll of green bills sure looked good to me as I always could use all I had.

I stayed in Little Rock about two weeks and my bankroll had diminished something like \$500.00 and at that time that was pretty high stepping, especially for a trapper. But by that time I had plenty of city life to do me—it seemed for a lifetime—so I proceeded to the Indian territory.

I arrived at Fort Smith in the evening about 8:00 o'clock and stopped at the nearest hotel, which was a three story building. I rented a room and the clerk led me up a long flight of stairs to the third floor and showed me my room. I sat down on the chair and the clerk, after asking if there was anything I wanted, closed the door and bade me good night. As we had walked up the stairs I couldn't help noticing the loud noise our footsteps made and after the clerk went out it struck me as rather peculiar that I didn't hear his footsteps as he went down. It aroused my suspicions, but I cleared my mind of the thought and retired. However, I could not go to sleep but was lying on the bed perfectly quiet, when I thought I heard my door stealthily open. I raised up in bed, taking my forty-five from beneath the pillow. In

my room there was a window which lay diagonal between the bed and the door and I could see the form of a man between me and the window. I aimed so as not to hit the fellow and fired—the bullet struck the center frame of the window and shattered every glass in it. The fellow started for the steps and believe me this time you could hear his footsteps and he went down these steps—had he thrown a wheelbarrow down them it would have made no more noise. Then I went to bed but did not sleep well. I spent a restless night and arose early next morning. I asked the hotel clerk if I could speak with the night clerk. He told me no, that he would not be back until the next night. I told the clerk of the incident of the night before and expressed the opinion that it was the night clerk, but he assured me, or tried to, that it could not be as the night clerk was a very good man.

After that I strode on up the street—I was not sure but that something might arise from my shooting and I decided I would go over to Bill Readings, my friend in the territory. After lunch I started for the bank of the Arkansas River and got a fellow to take me across in a row boat. On the other side of the river I started up the road toward Readings. A man overtook me in a two horse wagon and gave me a ride. The public road led to within about a half mile of my friends and there I left my benefactor. I met the family just as I had left them. They all appeared pleased to see me again and gave me a hearty welcome. We swapped stories and adventures during the whole evening. I told Bill Parrish that I wanted him for my guide as I intended to explore the territory and he had been all over it. My proposition to Bill was that I furnish two saddle horses and all equipment as well as pay all expenses until fall. I guess this sounded good to Bill because he didn't hesitate in agreeing to go with me.

We began to keep our eyes open for a couple of good ponies, saddles and bridles and in about a week or ten days we made the desired purchase of two buckskin ponies. The horses were a matched team.

Reading did not like to give Bill up, but Bill did not care much for farm work anyway and was glad to go. I purchased a couple of blankets, a frying pan, small bake oven, coffee pot, two tin cups and plates and our lariat ropes, and two 44-calibre Winchester rifles. The day was set for our trip—the first of April.

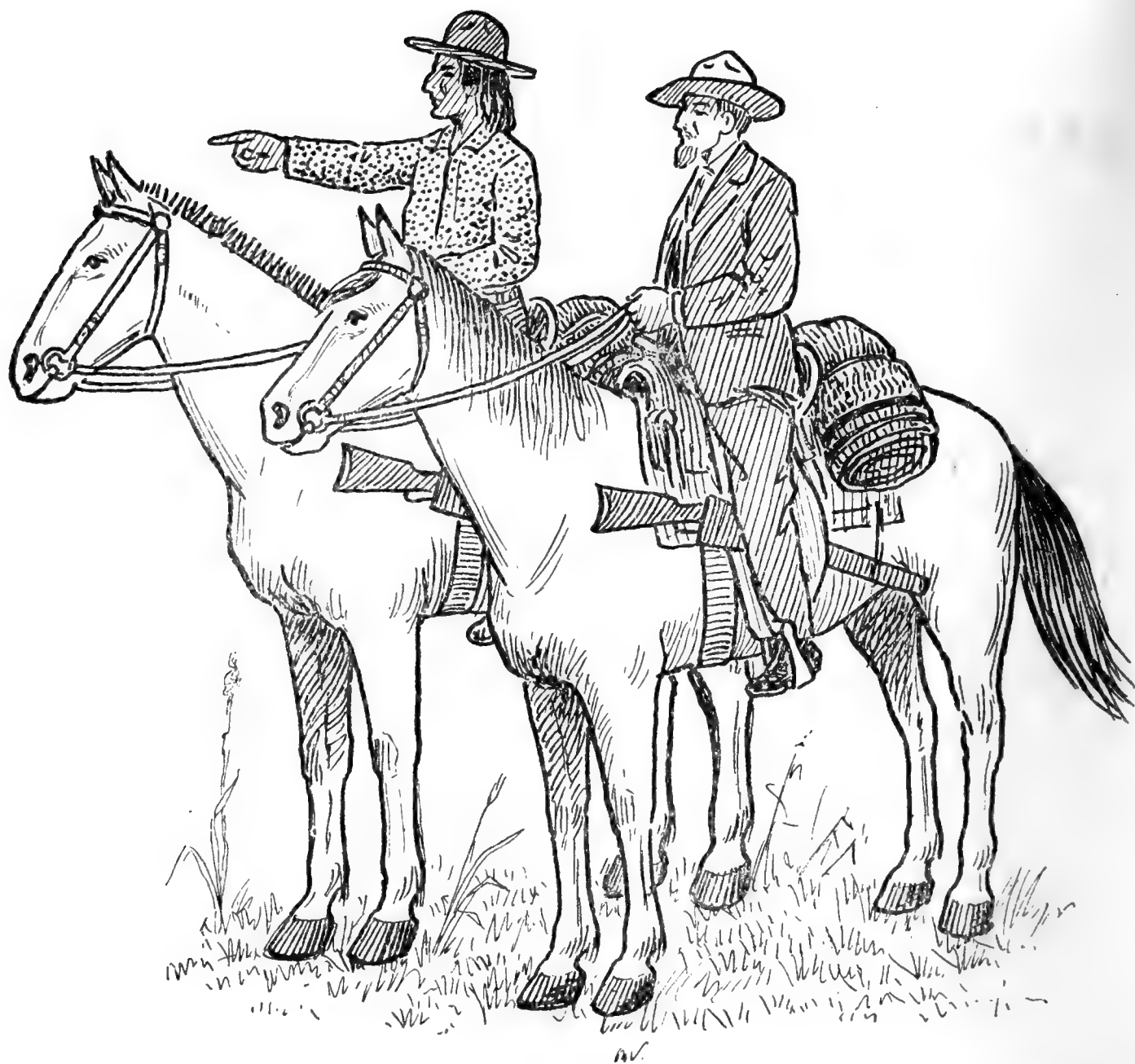
EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XI.

The first of April arrived and Bill and I were off. Five months' pleasure and we crossed the river on the Choctaw Reservation and proceeded up the Arkansas River on an old cattle trail. There was no public highways in those days in the territory. The cattle trails were the only real roads by which you could travel. As we rode we met some Indians and they seemed to know Bill, and they would chat sometimes for an hour. As night drew near, I proposed to Bill that we strike camp. "No," he said "I have a friend about four miles up the river and we will stay with him." So we spurred up our ponies and soon arrived at Bill's friends. "Hello, Bill!" came a voice in plain English. We turned in our saddles to see who it was speaking and Bill saw that it was his friend, Pequay. He dismounted and as they met they shook hands and Pequay said, "Who is this with you?" He said "This is my friend, Alexander. Shake hands with him, he is all-right." Pequay advanced and gave me an Indian's searching look and a hearty handshake and then turned to Bill and said, "Let's go to the house." Bill and Pequay walked but I followed behind riding my pony. As we approached the house I saw several Indian squaws and men. They all stepped out to see the newcomers. As we approached the bunch and they saw Bill and recognized him, they started for him, and as they met Bill presented both hands. And of all the handshaking! It looked to me as though they would pull Bill's arms from their sockets. After the Hurrah, Bill said, "This is my friend," and I raised my hat as I had not as yet dismounted. The bunch gave me the suspicious look which Indians always give a stranger who is a white man. "Get down," says Pequay and take off your saddle. This I did at once and was well pleased at the way the Indian had addressed me. We led our ponies to a small prairie and staked them out. The grass was about four inches high, tender and good feed such as animals relish in the spring. Bill and Pequay walked directly to the house as I followed. Pequay's dwelling was a crude log house with a chimney in it that would receive wood five feet long. The house was furnished with round log benches and only the bark and



knots removed as a finish. They had legs about two feet long and the bench was about four feet long. They made a solid seat and we all sat down. I passed my tobacco around to the entire bunch, squaws and all, and this brought the first friendly glance I had noticed from the Indians. They all took a hearty chew and passed the plug back to me. As we enjoyed the fire the Indians and Bill would talk Indian, which I at that time did not understand. I could see that once in a while they were talking about me for as Bill seemed to explain they would all look at me. When Bill seemed to be through giving my history, he turned to me and said: "I was telling my friends that you were a white Indian." This brought a hearty laugh. Supper was soon announced and served in a log cabin which was about twenty feet from the one which we were in. The table was roomy, made of split timber and there was the same kind of log benches to sit on. All the men turned up for supper and the squaws did the serving. Our plates were made of wood and spoons also. Each Indian used his pocket knife or his hunting knife to cut up the meat and the wooden spoon was used to deliver the goods. They first served a large wooden bowl of soup, afterwards deer steak and corn bread and a tea of some kind which I had never drank before. The bowl of soup was so large that I could hardly empty its contents, but I saw that the Indians had de-

voured theirs so I poured the last of mine down, as the rest of the Indians drew their knives to eat their steak, and I did likewise. I did not want them to get the impression that I was a tenderfoot.

The cabin was hot where the squaws had cooked and served the meal and we were all perspiring more or less so we all decided to retire to the main house at once. I at the same time congratulating myself that I had performed so well at my first Indian meal. After the bunch was seated around the fire, I presented my tobacco again—some of them took a chew and some of them cut off a small piece and put it in their pocket. I could see very plainly that I was the topic of their conversation. Finally Pequay said in good English, "Bill tells us you are a good hunter and trapper and we are glad to have you with us." Tell us about some of your hunting and trapping expeditions. I proceeded to tell them some of the best which I had had and I could see that they were deeply interested. I was very careful not to exaggerate. When I had finished telling my experiences Pequay said, "You and Bill had better stay with us a week or two and we will go on some hunts as we want you to show us some of your white men's tricks." I thanked Pequay and told him that it would only be a pleasure to stay a week or two as I was in no hurry and Bill and I was out for five months anyway. "Good," he said, "Stay as long as you please."

The squaws by this time had cleared away their cooking outfit and returned to the sitting room. As I wanted to make good I again drew out my plug of tobacco and passed it around. The squaws took a chew and gave me a pleasant look same as to say, "I thank you." The gun question was raised and Bill went out and got our two saddle guns, brought them in and showed them to the bunch. They were 44 Winchesters which had not been on the market very long. The Indians were very much interested in examining our guns, never having seen any like them before. Bill showed them how fast they would shoot. This brought a surprised look on their faces but at the same time they seemed to be a little jealous of Bill and I. A plan was made for a hunt the next day. After a very early breakfast next morning, six of us saddled our ponies and mounted and started off, Pequay taking the lead. We rode about three miles when Pequay pulled up his horse and said, "Here is where they are." We then all dismounted and staked our ponies. Pequay then told how each one of us should hunt—not to interfere with one another, etc. This we left entirely to him. He said to me, "Do you see that high ridge past those oak trees?" I admitted that I did. He said, "That is a good route." We separated, each one going as Pequay had directed. We had not gone far before I heard a sharp crack from one of those old muzzle loading rifles. This I knew was not from Bill's gun, judging from the sound of it. I began to see lots of deer signs but as yet had seen no deer. After walking cautiously for a mile or more I heard another crack from an Indian gun. I began to get anxious as I was sure that those two shots meant two deer for the Indians. All at once I heard Bill's 44 Winchester—three shots in rapid succession. This

made me more anxious as I had not seen a deer. As I was standing leaning against an oak tree I saw a bunch running almost toward me. They had been frightened by Bill's shots. They ran to the top of the ridge where I was standing and all stopped and turned and looked back. At this I let drive at one and dropped him. Here they came right down the ridge toward me. I began to fire and as they ran I dropped another one and broke the hind leg of another. The one with the broken leg turned short and ran down the hill and in a few minutes I heard a shot in the direction in which the crippled deer ran. I was sure that some of the Indians had shot my crippled deer. I took the entrails out of the two I had killed and sat down for a rest. I saw a bunch of wild turkey. They were frightened and running scattered. One of them came within gun shot. I fired at the turkey as he ran but missed him and he flew away. Being fully satisfied with the two deer I had killed and judging from the number of shots that had been fired I was sure that we had each killed one at least and had all we needed. I walked back to where we had staked our ponies and found Bill, Pequay and one other Indian waiting. The first question they asked me was, "What did you kill?" I said "Two deer." "Pretty good," said Pequay. "I killed one." Bill said "I killed two." The other Indian held up one of his fingers which meant one. We each then saddled our ponies and walked to where we had killed the deer—lashed them to our saddles and walked to where we first staked our ponies. When I returned I noticed that there was an Indian who had killed two wild turkeys. He could not speak English so we would carry on a conversation only by using signs. In a short time the bunch had returned with their game. There was seven deer and two turkeys. I would give anything to have a picture of the bunch. We proceeded home and when we arrived the deer and wild turkey was turned over to the squaws. Some of the meat they prepared for cooking and some they salted down. I noticed the squaws taking the brains from the deer heads. Pequay said, "Do you know what they are going to do with them?" I told him "No." He said: "They will tan the skins with them. We don't waste anything."

Afterwards supper was announced and the squaws had deer steak, corn bread and their tea. After supper when we had all taken seats and I had passed my tobacco around, the Indians began to throw jokes at me using Bill for an interpreter. It was fine to see their mode of joking. Even the squaws threw jokes at me. One of them said to Bill, "Ask him if he has a squaw." Bill translated her question and I told him that I had never had a squaw. She said, "I bet you have lots of squaws and also papoose." I assured her that I had not but I could see the doubt in her eyes. We spent an enjoyable time until bedtime was announced. Bill and I returned to a small cabin where we had slept the night before. The cabin had one bedstead with two legs on one side and fastened to the wall on the other side. There Bill and I slept together. The next morning old Pequay came to the door and said, "You boys get up for breakfast." Bill and I had overslept ourselves.

After breakfast Pequay said, "Now, my friend, I want you to show us how white Indians set steel traps." This I was not afraid to do as I knew more about setting steel traps than anything else. He brought out four traps which were badly rusted and I told him the first thing to do was to clean the traps. I raked up a pile of leaves, set them on fire and kept the traps moving in the blaze and smoke until they were hot. I then took them to the spring and gave them a thorough washing. This done I explained to the Indians that this was necessary to remove the iron and rust scent from the traps to prevent the animals from scenting the traps. I took the traps and made some dry land sets, also some log sets and showed them how to conceal the trap perfectly. I also took the bunch to the bank of the river and showed them how to make Beaver and Otter slides and how to make water sets and where to place the bait. I could see when I was showing them that they were particularly impressed. When I had finished giving the exhibition, Pequay said, "You are some kind of an Indian. I guess you just happened to come white." This, of course, pleased me as I saw my exhibition was approved by the Indians.

The next day I took them fishing and showed them how to catch fish on floats by allowing the hooks to drift down the river. I caught two fine catfish weighing 40 pounds a piece. After that we lay around camp for three or four days and feasted on deer, wild turkey and fish. This was common among the Indians until more game was needed.

This became monotonous to me, so I told Bill we would start on our journey. This Bill agreed to and the next morning Bill and I saddled our horses and were ready to bid Pequay and his bunch farewell. One of the squaws handed me a small bundle and told Bill to tell me that if I was going to be an Indian she would give me a pair of moccasins. Bill delivered the message and I assured him that I was an Indian but that a snow came when I was born, therefore I was born white. This brought a laugh from all the bucks and squaws. As this was a good opportunity to make a start I shook hands with all the squaws first and then with the bucks, promising to return some day.

As Bill and I rode up the trail I unwrapped the moccasins and say, you never saw a finer piece of work of that kind. They were beaded and a heart of beads on each instep. I showed them to Bill and he laughed and said, "That squaw likes you." I asked Bill if I acted all right with the Indians, he replied that I could not have played a better hand. If you do the same when you meet the other different tribes, you will make friends with all the Indians in the territory.

Bill and I rode all that day and entered what is known as the Creek Country. Bill said he didn't have any use for the Creek Indians and that they did not like a Cherokee. "In olden times," he said, "They used to come over in our country and steal horses and cattle and the Cherokees killed a bunch of them and they have been sore about it every since. Anyway they are a bad bunch, lots of halfbreeds among them—and we will camp as long as we are in that country. But as soon as we reach the Sack and Fox we will be home again."

Bill and I struck camp, staked out our horses, made us a camp-fire and unpacked a sack of grub which the squaws at Pequay's had prepared for us—made a pot of coffee and we enjoyed the meal and also the camp.

The next day we rode all day, not stopping for lunch. As night neared, I ran on to a white man by the name of VanArsdell. He had a friendly face and seemed to be glad to see me. He said, "I don't see many white men in these parts and would like you to go home with me and stay all night." This invitation Bill and I accepted. VanArsdell lived on the North Canadian River. As we approached the house his wife met us at the gate. She was a good looking white woman. Her husband entertained us and invited us both to stay all night. I noticed Mrs. VanArsdell size us up. I am afraid she wasn't sure whether we were gentlemen or horse thieves. However, she hid her suspicions as best she could. VanArsdell offered his grain to us and told us to grain our horses. We accepted his offer as our ponies had not had any grain since we started. So we removed our saddles and staked out our ponies and returned to the house. Our friend was sure comfortably fixed. He had a good log house, good shelter for his stock, good chicken house and a pen of fat hogs. This looked good to me. After supper I proceeded to tell VanArsdell that Bill and I were out to see the country and expected to scout around until August. He said you can ride all over it in that time. I told him that I was a hunter and trapper and had a curiosity to see the territory and get acquainted with the Indians. I told him that from what I had seen so far it was a fine range for stock and plenty of game. "Yes," says VanArsdell, "I was raised in this territory and only went out of it once when I went down to Arkansas 'Gal hunting' and found this one and fooled her until she decided to come back with me." I asked my friend the best mode of procedure to become a citizen of the territory. He said that you simply had to go to some citizen and take a lease from him, say for 20 years or longer on a certain piece of land—pay one dollar per year to the permit agent and that is all there is to it. Our friend gave us a good comfortable room—a good feather bed to sleep on which I had not seen since I left home.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XII.

After breakfast Bill and I saddled our ponies and I asked my friend VanArsdell what was the damages. He said, "No damages—If you are ever through these parts again stop with me, you are welcome." We bade the happy couple farewell and went on our way to the Sack and Fox Reservation. We crossed the North Canadian River about noon. After staking our ponies we built a camp fire and got a lunch while we were there. Five Sack and Fox Indians rode up to our camp and as they recognized Bill they dismounted, shook hands with him and seemed to be glad to see him. I, of course, stood like a dummy and I could not understand one word that was said. Finally Bill turned to me and said, "This is my friend Alexander, shake hands with him." They did, but the handshake was light, with no grip to it and they gave me that "don't fool" look that Indians always give strange white men. Only one of the five could speak good English, and he was a tall, good looking Indian by the name of Henry Miller. Probably Henry was a halfbreed as he did not look to be a full blood. Bill went on to tell the Indians that I was really a white Indian, but was born when it was snowing and hence was white. Of course, I could not understand the language but I know that he was trying to impress the Indians with me and I guess he succeeded as I could see their countenance change.

I prepared lunch for all of us and played cook for the bunch though I did not relish it, for policy sake I did my best.

Henry Miller addressed me saying, "Cherokee Bill tells us that you are a white Indian and a great hunter and trapper. If Bill hasn't lied to us, we are glad to have you with us as we have had a number of 'would-be' white Indians at different times, and they often turned out to be horse thieves or traitors, but Bill assured us that you were all right and we will take his word for you and you can stay in our country as long as you want to—that is to say, you can if you are the kind of a man Bill claims you to be.

I assured Henry that I would make good and that if I didn't he was at liberty to tie a tin can to me and set the dogs on. This brought a hearty laugh. After lunch I passed my tobacco. They all accepted and we mounted our horses and rode away."

We rode about 15 miles up the North Canadian River to where we came to quite an Indian village. Their huts were built of logs and were very comfortably fixed. As we rode in the camp I could see the Indians gathering from each cabin to one spot and we rode directly to where they had collected and I could see that there was much inquiry about me and Bill and Henry Miller seemed to be explaining. After about thirty minutes they seemed to be contented and we then unsaddled our ponies and staked them out, washed our faces in a small creek, wiped them on our bandannas and proceeded to the village. Bill and I were invited by Henry Miller into his cabin. There was a young squaw and two papoose who were Henry's wife and children. She soon had us a very good meal and came to the door and said "Chuckerway." Henry arose from his seat and said, "Let's go to supper." Henry led the way to a cabin about 40 yards distant which was scented with good things to eat and looked neat and clean. The chairs were homemade and so was the table. Henry's wife served our plates with wild roast turkey which makes my mouth water even now when I think of it. It was stuffed with dressing made out of hammered corn, as was also the bread—but it was surely good bread and stuck to your ribs.

Bill and I enjoyed our supper splendidly. Henry had regular tea cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks. He said, "We h'aint had these dishes long, but they are better than wood, so much easier to wash." I replied to Henry's statement, "This is white man's get-up, it is all right too."

After spending a few pleasant hours talking with Henry we were showed to our bed, in a lone cabin that stood out in the open.

During the night I thought I heard whispering. I shook Bill and whispered my suspicions to him. He listened for a minute or two and said to me, in a low whisper, "Some of the Indians are eavesdropping, no danger, go to sleep," which I immediately did, as I had the utmost confidence in Bill's judgment.

The next morning after breakfast Bill, Henry and I took seats on some logs. The sun was shining and the day was beautiful, and it was not long till several other Indians came and seated themselves upon the same log on which we were seated. It was plain to see it was curiosity that drew them. To break the monotony Bill said, "Henry, get my friend some steel traps and he will show the boys some tricks about setting traps." Henry brought out a bunch of traps and I proceeded to show the Indians how to make dryland set, log sets and tree sets and then took the bunch to the river and showed them water sets and how to make Beaver and Otter slides that resembled the slides made by the animals, and where to place the bait. I could see that the entire bunch of Indians were deeply impressed and I spared no pains in giving a full explanation, which was interpreted to the Indians by either Bill or Henry. It was nearly noon when I got through with my exhibition and could see plainly the Indians had begun to have confidence in me. Some of them had thrown a joke or two and Bill said that this was a sure sign of their friendship.

After dinner the entire evening was spent sitting around on logs,

sometimes a lively conversation and other times just a thoughtful dreamy silence.

A deer hunt was set for the following day and the next morning there were twelve real Indians, Bill, Henry and myself, ready for the hunt. We rode about three miles when a young doe jumped. I fired and as luck would have it she dropped at the crack of my rifle. One old Indian said, "White Indian heap big chief, killum first deer." We took the entrails out and swung the deer on a tree and were on our way for another. We rode about a mile further and dismounted, tied our ponies and an old Indian, "Pe Re Ashe"—as I learned his name was, began to point the way we were to hunt, dividing us in pairs. Bill and I were to go together, which pleased us as I had hunted with Bill until we understood each other well. We did not have to go far until we saw good deer signs. Bill said, "Here we separate, you take this ridge and I will take the one to the left. This was agreeable and we separated. In about thirty minutes I heard the bark of Bill's gun. I looked in the direction of the noise and saw a bunch of deer running toward me. Knowing that they would check up and stop when they reached the top of the ridge, I cocked my gun and stood watching with both eyes to see the deer when they reached the top of the ridge. I stood for possibly two minutes when I heard them in the leaves below me. I advanced a little using an oak tree as a blind. As I peeped from behind the tree there they came in a string, some walking, some trotting. There was a very large buck in the bunch. I took careful aim at his front shoulder and at the crack of the gun he fell. The others ran and although I could probably have shot another I did not try as there was quite a chance of missing and I knew the quality of a hunter was judged by the number of shots he fired and the amount of game he killed in proportion. Having the two deer to my credit I felt safe, I would not be beaten bad. I heard several shots fired by the Indians and was sure the hunt was a success. I knew I was satisfied with my kill. I took a seat on a log. I knew I would come just as near to killing another one by sitting still and letting it come to me as I would by walking around as this bunch showed me that I was on a regular deer crossing. I guess I sat there a full hour when a fine buck appeared before me. He walked so cautiously, he acted more like a spirit than a deer. He walked up on top of the ridge and looked back over his footsteps. I had such a good shot, I thought I would make it a fancy one. I aimed at the base of the ear and at the crack of the gun he dropped. I walked over toward him and started to cut his throat. The deer gave a kick and knocked my knife from my hand and I never did find it. The deer jumped to his feet and then I took aim with my rifle and shot him squarely in the forehead, and started looking around for my knife. As I was looking old Pe Re Ashe walked up. He said to me: "You killum deer, I trailum two mile." I told the old Indian that the deer had kicked my knife out of my hand and I could not finish it so he handed me his knife with which to clean the deer. I showed Pe Re Ashe the other buck I had killed. He said, "Pretty good, me killum one deer, one turkey." Pe Re Ashe and I returned to where we had staked our ponies. There we found Bill and the rest of the bunch waiting. The question was asked as to how many

each had killed. After each one had told Pe Re Ashe said, "Heap big White Indian beat 'em all." Then came a hearty Indian laugh, a true laugh that all seemed to enjoy. "He all right" said one full blood. I could see Bill's black eyes shine as he would not have taken a twenty dollar bill for this incident. He had assured the Indians so faithfully that I was absolutely all right that he was glad of an opportunity to prove it.

Each two of us that were paired to hunt together took our ponies and started for our game. Bill and I went to where he had killed two deer, loaded them on his pony, then went after my two bucks. It was all we could do to get them on the pony and all the poor pony could do to carry them, so I had to walk and lead him. When we all had met at our appointed place some of the Indians had not killed any, which permitted me to ride my pony and let them carry some of my deer. One Indian said, "Heap Big White Indian killum too much." This brought another hearty laugh. I was now one of them. The bunch of us killed eight deer and three wild turkeys. When we arrived the game was turned over to the squaws, which seemed to be the accepted custom among the Indians. The bucks did the hunting and the squaws did the dressing.

I was certainly proud to be the winner in this hunting contest.

Bill and I laid around the village a few days and became acquainted with many of the Indians whose names now I have forgotten. But my stay with the Sack and Fox was joyful. I was at the Sack and Fox agency where the government had a bunch of soldiers and where they issued supplies to the Indians. The Sack and Fox Indians were progressive, some of them having small farms and small herds of cattle and ponies. They also had fine fruit trees and poultry, some hogs and plenty of dogs (bobbed tailed dogs).

After about two weeks' stay with the Sack and Fox Bill and I decided to resume our trip, leaving our friends who were making us promise a return visit. We rode up the North Canadian about 45 miles to Tecumsee, a small Indian town owned principally by the Potawatamie Indians. There were a few white men in the town, however, which consisted mainly of a general store and a place where the cowboys would come to spend their money to gamble but not to booze.

Bill and I stayed over night at the hotel and had our ponies put up in a stable as horse thieves were not uncommon in those days. The next day we rode to the Shawnee village which was located in the Potawatamie country. Bill had some friends in this village and assured me that I would like the Shawnee. He said they were civilized and good Indians. We arrived at this village about noon, dismounted and went in before any of the Indians saw us. They were eating dinner as we entered the yard and one of them bawled out: "Bill Parrish and a white man." This brought the entire bunch from their seats and out the door they came. "Hello, Bill, where did you come from?" All shook hands with Bill, most of them speaking good English. Bill said to them as he pointed to me, "This is a white Indian, shake hands with him." This they did with a hearty grip, speaking English. This pleased me for I knew from their appearance that they were noble Indians and held no grudge against the white

man, judging from their speech and hearty handshake. There wasn't that damp, cool look in their eyes, either, as generally appeared in the eyes of an Indian when introduced to a white man.

We were invited in at once to take dinner with them, while they used wooden bowls, plates and spoons. At the same time everything looked clean and the squaws were dressed in nice buckskin skirts with beaded waist and they had all the appearance of nature's people. As we ate our dinner several jokes were passed back and forth, using plain English. I enjoyed this as most of the Indians I had met could not speak English.

After dinner our horses were groomed and staked out. The Shawnees had cribs of corn, plenty of chickens and hogs, cattle and ponies. I learned they were only squatting among the Potawatamies and their home was on Brasee River in Texas. They said Texas gave them 40 miles square on Brasee River and the game had become scarce and as the Potawatamies were their friends they had stopped with them.

The Shawnees also told me some exciting stories about helping Texas fight Camanches and Kiwah and Texas people were their friends. We stayed with the Shawnees about ten days, during which time I showed them my method of trapping and fishing. We also went on a very successful deer and turkey hunt, having the honor of having Big Jim, their chief, as our director and guide. There was no end to the deer and wild turkeys. We got 11 deer and five turkeys. Deer hunting had become common and Bill and I had planned to start for the Wichitaw country in a few days to see some friendly Delaware Indians who were living with the Wichitaws.

The weather was fine, sunshiny and warm while we were with the Shawnees. I met one who I was very favorably impressed with, by the name of Joe Mack. Joe could speak good English and was used as an interpreter for the tribe. He told me very interesting stories, one of which I remember in particular. Joe said when the Santa Fe railroad was built through the Indian Territory that many of the Indians had never seen a train and had no idea of its power. They decided they could rope it and hold it, so they selected a place where there was a deep cut in the road as the most desirable place and a big bunch collected at this cut in the road. As the train approached, they threw their lariats over the smoke stack and of course the rope was pulled through the Indians' hands, burning the skin off. It also relieved them of several lariat ropes as it kept right on going. This was told among the Indians and one big Kiwah said he could rope the thing, and hold it. The Indians were all anxious to see him try it, so out they went, and there were lots of Indians gathered around to watch the performance. As the whistle of the train was heard, the Kiwah tied his rope around his waist and when the train was near enough he tossed the rope over the smoke stack. The train jerked him off of his feet and the last that was seen of him he was dragging behind the train like a tin cup tied to a dog's tail. This I will admit sounded fishy to me, yet it might have been the truth. An Indian is full of mirth and jokes and the only real man of nature. The more I saw and lived with them, the better I liked them.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XIII.

The time had arrived when Bill and I were to start for the Wichita country. I really hated to leave the Shawnees as they were a splendid tribe of Indians. The morning we left they were most of them at the village. Big Jim said to me: "The Shawnees have given you a name," and I asked him what it was and he said, "Squeagochathe." I asked him what the English interpretation was, and he said that it was "Red Fox." I told him that was a fine name—"hard to catch," he said. From that day on I was known among the Shawnees as "Squeagochathe."

Bill and I told our friends good-by, promising to return sometime. The squaws had prepared us a lunch to carry along, and some pieces of jerked deer. The Shawnees were at that time about half-way between the North and South Canadian Rivers. Bill and I made for the South Canadian as Bill thought there was a good cattle trail that ran up the river. Within four hours' ride we reached the South Canadian; there we struck camp for our noon lunch; afterwards we rode up the river until about night, where we came to a cattle ranch which consisted of three trail wagons and a couple of tents and a corral. As we rode up two cowboys said, "Get down and come in." This we did. I saw at once Bill felt at home as he had asked the cowboy if this was Bill McCline's cattle; they said they were and while we were there old Bill McCline rode up. "Hello, Bill Parrish," he called, "what blizzard blowed you up here?" "No blizzard, just having a good time," Bill replied. "You want a job?" "Nope, I have one. Shake hands with my friend, Alexander." We shook hands and sat down to visit a few minutes. McCline asked where we were going, and what we were doing. We told him nothing and no place in particular, just wanted to see the territory, and were taking our time until August to do it. He said, "I was up on the Cob Creek about a week ago and saw a big bunch of buffalo, and lots of deer and antelope. You boys could have a good time hunting up there." Bill told him we were planning on going over to the Wich-

itaw country, and would take that sight in on the way. Just then the cook bawled out that dinner was ready, and we all started for the cook tent, and were soon storing away the good things to eat.

McCline made us feel real welcome in a cowboy way—every fellow helps himself. I listened to the cowboy yarns until I was tired of hearing about their bucking ponies, and the cattle, and where the different outfits were located. Bill seemed to enjoy this—however. I took no interest. They couldn't have given me their cattle and outfit if that would have meant staying to look after them. I saw nothing that appealed to me in the cattle business, but at that time the territory was a cattle's paradise, and there was not enough stock to make an impression even on the grass.

Bill and I pulled out for the Delaware camp next morning. We had the South Canadian River to ford, which was bad quicksand in places. Bill and I rode into the treacherous river about midway, which was not more than three feet of water, and our ponies began to plunge, and as they plunged they sank deeper in the quicksand. Bill and I had to dismount at once to save our ponies. After we had dismounted the ponies began to relieve themselves by lunging, and at the same time we had to constantly keep on the move or we would go down. We finally reached the bank, but our saddles and blankets were all wet, so we unsaddled, wrung out our blankets and resaddled again and rode on toward the Delaware village, which was between the South Canadian and Washataw River. We had rough riding as there was sand, and sand hills to climb all day. The Delawares were located on some creeks that entered into the Washataw. We reached the Delaware village in the early part of the night. Bill had no trouble in making himself known, and we were invited into a tepee by Joe Pooler, the interpreter for the tribe, which was not more than 300 in number. Joe's tepee was built out of poles and covered with a matting made of water grass that grew in that section. The tepee was about ten feet high and about the same width. The fire was built in the center of the tepee, and the smoke went out of a hole in the top. There were benches and beds the full circle of the tent, and in a few minutes the tepee was full of Indians, all of whom seemed to know Bill and most of them spoke English. Bill seemed to be perfectly at home, and told them that he had brought Squeagochathe, the white Indian, along to teach them how to trap. He told them to all shake hands with me, which they did, and asked me many questions about trapping. The Indians had had their supper when Bill and I arrived, but they prepared one for us, and Joe Pooler led us into another tepee where four squaws were cooking. Their table was crude, and they still used the wooden bowls, plates and spoons.

Bill and I enjoyed the meal very much; the squaws were good cooks, and we had not eaten decently all day as everything we had had become soaking wet when we crossed the river.

After supper the Indians could see we were tired, so they prepared a bed in Joe Pooler's tepee for us. Before the bunch retired they sat around the circle and laughed and talked. I could hear them

as I lay in my bed, but I was so tired I soon dropped off to sleep.

The next morning I felt as fresh as a young buck in the fall of the year, and was highly pleased with Bill, my guide. I could see he was in good standing with all the Indians we had so far stopped with, but he told me that all the tribes were not so friendly with the Cherokees as they had been civilized for a long time, and some of the blanket tribes did not like them, and should they start anything, to play the bullets on them the same as I would a deer. He said: "Take the start, then keep it."

After breakfast I had to show the Delawares all my tricks in trapping, and after my exhibition was over we planned a buffalo hunt, and I was very anxious to take a part in it. Bill had told the Indians that Bill McCline said he had seen a bunch of buffalo on Cob Creek.

The next day about twenty ponies were saddled—eight pack ponies, and twelve to ride. Altogether with Bill and I there were fourteen hunters. We traveled about all day, striking camp on the headwaters of Cob Creek. We could see signs of buffalo, but as yet had not seen any. Early the next morning we had our breakfast, which was a comparatively short job as the squaws had cooked up plenty, and about all we had to do was to make coffee. To our right there was a high ridge which the Indians said we would ride to, as from there we could see a long way, and if there were any buffalo in the country we would see them.

When we reached the ridge we could see no buffalo. Old Red Blanket, an Indian, said: "We will stay on this ridge until we locate them, as this is the highest point of view in these parts." For at least three hours we stayed there, always on the watch. Suddenly we heard distant rifle shots; we all looked in the direction from which we heard them coming, but all we could see at first was a cloud of dust, then a few black specks in it. One of the Indians said that it was buffalo, and they were headed our way. We could see them as they struck the high places, and as they struck the low lands they would go out of sight. By and by we could see them plainer and could tell they really were buffalo headed our way. As they crossed the second ridge from us the Indians told us how to encircle them. Some of them went straight toward them, while others went toward them from a different angle. They got to the last ridge we had ridden down in the valley between the two ridges; here they came down the hill and as they struck the flat we closed in on them. Each Indian chose a different buffalo; of course I did the same. As the buffalo had already ran fully two miles, they had begun to fag and it was no trick to over take them horseback. I ran onto a young bull, fired four shots at him, but he did not drop; the last shot broke one of his forelegs and he turned to make a fight and I let him have it in the forehead.

This was my first buffalo hunt, and I didn't admire it at all; the poor brutes had no chance to get away as the ponies could run after him and stay with him until there was no chance to get away, unless he could run into brush. There were eight buffalo killed, and

I don't think there was one that made an escape. The Indians cut off their hams and saddles, and left the remainder on the ground for the coyotes. This killing took place about noon; we went to camp and had lunch, then we took our pack ponies and went after the buffalo which we brought back to our camp and decided to remain there until morning, not to hunt buffalo as we had as many as we wanted.

After breakfast the next morning, we lashed the meat to the pack ponies and detailed two Indians to drive them into the village; the rest of us separated in pairs to hunt as we rode home. There were four deer and three antelope killed by the bunch as we rode to the village.

I had been hunting and trapping for about eight months which is a long time at one stretch; like everything else, it will eventually become monotonous and lose its kick.

Bill and I stayed with the Delawares for over a month, at which time we rode over a great deal of the Camanche country. We were also in the Kiawah Reservation, also the Cheyenne and Arapahos, but only a few days at a time. They were all blanket tribes and we did not stay in their villages as Bill could not speak their languages. They were dirty, tough looking Indians, and although they seemed to be friendly enough, it was like meeting a cow you could not talk to.

We made several deer hunts while with the Delawares, and several antelope hunts as well. This was new and had real pep in it. One day a bunch of us went to hunt antelope, and the one that killed the most antelope was to win a purse of twenty dollars. Of course I didn't have any hopes of winning the purse as I had never before hunted antelope, but I was willing to try for the sport of the thing. We were honored by having old Bull Wilson, the chief, and Jim Bob, second chief, and Pooler, the interpreter, as well as Red Blanket, who was supposed to be the best hunter in camp, with us. Everything was gotten in shipshape; the squaws had cooked plenty of grub, and the ponies were all fed and well rested, and the twenty dollars looked good even to the chiefs. Eighteen of us entered the contest, and getting an early start, we rode about twenty-five miles to a high ridge country where the antelopes were plentiful. We struck camp and each Indian used his saddle for a pillow, and rolled up in his blankets. As the wild turkeys were still gobbling, they answered the purpose of an alarm clock, as they woke us about an hour before daybreak. Everybody was up and ready for the antelope hunt. Bill and I cast our lots together, and hunted together, working to one and another's advantage all we could.

The country was alive with antelope and deer. We hunted horseback only at times; usually we could take it on foot, the better to slip up on them. It wasn't long before we could hear a shot every once in a while, and as Bill and I were still together, we had stopped to lay our plans for the hunt when all at once here came six antelope running for dear life; we aimed our guns at the bunch, and as we begun to count up we had killed four. I didn't know how many of the four I had killed, and Bill didn't either. We swung the four antelope and proceeded to hunt. We caught glimpses of antelope in

the distance several times, but never close enough to shoot. Presently Bill said, "Let's go over to that high bushy ridge, and lay there and let the other hunters run them to us."

We were on the ridge some little time and could see for miles antelope running from one high point to another, and Bill said, "They will come here yet," so we kept our position. Finally a bunch did come and we killed three more. We moved our position then and waited again; probably two hours, when I heard Bill give a low whistle to attract my attention. I looked around, and there came three buffalo. They came within forty steps of us; we both shot and downed one each—the third ran away. Bill said, "We ought not to have killed these cows." Both of them were cows and we already had seven antelope. We then dropped down the ridge about a half mile to where we thought we would have a better chance of getting more antelope. Here Bill got two, and as he was shooting toward them, I did not get a good shot. This gave us nine antelope and two buffalo. Bill remarked that he thought we had surely won the money, and suggested that we go to camp and we would have to make a second trip for the game. We took the last five antelope to camp, and returned with an extra pack horse and got the hind quarters of the two buffalo and the other four antelope. By that time the rest of the bunch had come and we had any pair beat by two antelope. We had previously agreed to hunt in pairs, and the two that killed the most would, of course, get the twenty dollars. This was a surprise to us, and a surprise to the old hunters. They said: "The Squeagochathe must be some hunter—beat old antelope hunters." I told them it was all luck as they just happened to come our way.

We camped over night and returned to the village the next day with seventeen antelope and two buffaloes.

We laid around for several days, telling stories of different hunts and taking life easy in general. One day two Cheyennes rode into the Delaware village and informed the Delawares that at a certain time the Cheyennes, Camaches, Kiwahs and Arapahoes were going to meet at the race tracks in their country and have a big horse race and insisted on the Delawares taking a part. While these two Cheyennes could not speak English, they could speak Delaware, and the Delawares could speak Cheyenne. Bill said this would be a good horse race as all the fast horses around from each tribe would be there, and it would be a good thing to see; this struck me center.

The time came for the race and the Delawares rounded up their fast ponies and curried them slick, picking all the burrs out of their tails, which had not been done for a year. The ponies showed up fine after their cleaning.

The Indian is a great lover of gambling of any kind. He will bet anything he has except his squaw and papoose.

About forty Delawares had made ready to take in the races. Ponies were packed with dried buffalo, jerked venison, parched corn and corn bread. The pack ponies and race ponies were lined up and off we rode for the Cheyenne country, which was a two days' ride.

When we arrived near the race tracks I think there must have been two thousand Indians camped in different squads; all had their tepees, and truly it made a great sight. There were hundreds of ponies and the young Indians were roping and playing like wild ponies. The Delawares struck camp by themselves, as the other tribes had done. Each tribe had their squaws and papooses with them, also their dogs, which were not few. The next morning things began to line up for the race, and the Indians were all betting, some bed blankets, some ponies, some jewelry, and others saddles, mackinaws, lariat ropes, chaps, buck skin, buffalo robes and almost everything. They seemed to have some way to have decided the value of the different articles. In this way anyone could enter the race. The pile of stuff was thrown in a pile and the horses lined up for the race, fourteen in number. The word "start" was given by a tall Cheyenne and the ponies were off, the plaited hair of their riders blowing straight out behind. The Indians all yelled and hollered, which gave me a thrill I have never forgotten. There is something about the thrill one gets at the yell of an Indian that gives one a reckless feeling that nothing else can.

The race was carried on for two weeks and the Indians would play games between times. Everything was fairly peaceful and quiet except that once in a while two tribes would get to gambling and have a falling out. They fought more like women than men, pulling each other's hair and scratching each other's eyes. They didn't seem to want to hurt each other badly and their fights would not last long at a time, and they would settle down and gamble again.

After the big races were over, Bill and I returned with the Delawares, went deer hunting a few more times and decided we would make a change. Bill told me of cattle men he had previously worked for in the Chicasaw region. This would be new so we agreed to go and hire as cowboys for a month.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XIV.

Bill and I bid our Delaware friends farewell, and started for the Chicasaw country with the view of working for one month as cowboys. This was new to me, but still Bill was an old hand at cow punching. Within two days we reached the Barnard and Washington camp, which was near the Red River. Washington was a squawman, and Barnard was a Texan. Washington was in charge of the herd and gave Bill and I a job. They were having a hard time fighting the screw worm. Probably some of you readers do not know what a screw worm is. Well, I will try and explain. It is just about the size of a maggot, and will bore into sound flesh the same as the maggot works on decayed flesh. When an animal gets bitten by a horsefly, the blood is started in anyway, the screw fly would blow a living worm into this fresh blood, and this would get a start and bore into the flesh, keeping fresh blood coming continually. This fresh blood would soon be full of worms, and in a few days the poor animal would be eaten alive. The herd had to be looked after very closely on account of the screw worm. When we found an animal with the screw worm we would have to rope it and apply chloroform to the infected part, sometimes using cresilie ointment and pine tar. This kept all the bunch busy day after day doctoring the herd and the month was up before we knew it. Washington paid Bill and I for our services, and we were off for Fort Smith. Fort Smith in those days was wide open for saloons, gambling dens of all kinds, etc., and as Bill and I had been away from temptations of this kind so long, we naturally took part in most everything. I have noticed where men had to live on the trap line, as a cowboy or a lumberjack, when they reach town they lose control of themselves, and do some very foolish things. When these same men are working they are responsible and dependable, but city life invariably "gets their goat."

Bill and I stayed in Fort Smith about two weeks, during which time I sold the two ponies and their bridles and saddles, with which Bill and I had scouted the territory. I gave Bill \$20.00 to straighten up and boarded the train for Grady, Arkansas, the Happy Hunting Ground.

When I stepped off the train at Grady and looked across at Tom Morris, saloon, there I saw the familiar face of old Hugh Dennis and others. This sent a thrill through me which I couldn't express, but it wasn't bad, and one "nigger" bawled out, "Yonder is Mr. 'Zanders, the trapper." This attracted the attention of the bunch. "Hello, Lad," came a familiar voice, "Come over and give an account of yourself." I walked over the railroad and across a muddy street to Tom Morris' saloon. Morris set up the drinks for the house and said, "Boys, we must celebrate today because we have the lad back with us again, and I see that he still has his scalp." I guess Tom knew that I would blow a few dollars and this is why he was so liberal. I gave the history of my adventure, and in short treated the bunch several times and walked out to the Shrell farm, where I found my friend, Andrew Climan, and his niggers all intact. This being September, cotton was being picked. The negroes expressed their welcome in many ways. Uncle Adam said: "I sees the Indians didn't get your scalp, and I sees you have got a beard on your face now. You don't look like that young boy who was picking cotton here two years ago."

I proceeded to look over my old trapping ground, but upon investigation, I found that the last winter's trapping had thinned the animals. I rode over to Bayou Matholamen which run just at the foot of the hills and over above the overflow of the Mississippi. The bayou headed near Pine Bluff, and flowed through Drew and DeShay Counties, an ideal stream on which to trap. There were many small creeks from the hills which led into it, and in many places there were large Cypress brakes on each side of the bayou. While I was scouting this territory, I met a small fellow, weight about 130, by the name of George Robinson. Robinson had heard of my trapping, and wanted to learn to trap. We made an agreement at once. I knew that I would need boats of some kind to trap on this bayou, and a couple of small tents to camp in. This I purchased when I returned to the Shrell farm, and I told the "niggers" that I was going to leave them. They set up a big howl, and said: "You had better stay here, or you will catch your death of cold, and die with pneumonia living in dem tents." I hired Uncle Adam to take his old team of mules and move my outfit to Bayou Matholamen, and we had to travel over a very bad road which meandered through the swamp where mud holes were so deep that the poor old mules could hardly pull the wagon. We had to cross several bridges that cross ravines, and small bayous which were made of round poles. As Uncle Adam drove his mules on one of these pole bridges, the approach being bad, the wagon stuck, and as Uncle Adam laid the whip to his mules, the poles slipped and one of them fell, the hind legs going through the bridge. We released the other mule, and led him off the bridge and began to plan how to remove the other one. He would struggle and the poles would spread more until it was an evident fact that the mule would drop through the bridge, at which time Uncle Adam was calling on the Lord in many ways. I saw there was no way excepting to let the mule fall to the ground which was about ten feet. I told Uncle Adam I would pull out the poles and let

the mule drop and he said, "Yes, and that's gwine to kill my mule." I assured him that if it did that I would buy him another one, and began to remove the poles which supported the mule, and as we did this, allowed the hind part of the animal to go down first, and as it was only about ten feet, taking in the length of the mule, the mule had to drop actually about four feet, and as we pulled out the pole, down went the mule into the mud about four feet deep. As the mule landed he sat up in the mud, and had the appearance of an Arkansas judge. We went to the assistant of the mule, and by pulling with ropes and the bridle, the mule made a desperate effort and released himself from the mud, and we led him out. We then unloaded the wagon, pulled it over the bridge by hand, reloaded and then hitched the mules and drove on.

We arrived where I had decided to make my first camp. Tents were stretched and everything was made ship-shape for camping. Uncle Adam camped with us. We allowed Uncle Adam a tent all to himself. Next morning after Uncle Adam had hitched his mules to his wagon, and had shaken hands goodbye with George and myself, he said, "I ain't gwine back that swamp way. I'm gwine back by Grady, it's ten miles out of the way, but I ain't gwine through that swamp." I gave Uncle Adam a dollar extra, and told him that that would get him a quart when he reached Grady. This made Uncle Adam show the whites of his eyes. "Goodbye, Gentlemen, be good to yourselves. Get up mules, am a-goin'."

George and I proceeded to make some board stretchers and hoops on which to stretch beaver, which was my principal catch. In the afternoon we went hunting and I killed a deer. The next day I began to set traps. George would cut stakes while I made the sets. The next morning our catch was good—all that we could skin and stretch. This we kept up all the winter, not stopping for Christmas. In the spring we found that we had done well. I paid George off and left my outfit with a farmer by the name of Cagwell and had learned by that time that the fur market at Little Rock was only a dead fall for green trappers, and I decided to take my furs to New York, as it was the fur market at that time. An old friend of mine by the name of John Litell, had been to New York and could give me some good advice on the subject. I hired a negro to haul my furs to Grady, about twenty miles distant. There I met the old bunch, but did not tarry with them but for a few minutes, as I had to buy a ticket and ship my furs. I will never forget when I arrived at the Grand Central Depot, and started for a Broadway street car. I met a bunch as I left the depot, just on the edge of the walk, bawling, Cab! Cab! Cab! As I could not understand what their mission was, I stopped to listen, and that attracted their attention, and they began to motion to me. As I reached their line, two or three grabbed me, and my grip, and I had to knock and kick until I released myself. I then made for a Broadway car and stopped at the Grand Central. I had previously received price lists from some of the furriers in New York, and had this information at hand, and proceeded to see some of them. Pence & Clawson, at

84 Spring Street made the most favorable impression, so I had the expressman deliver my furs to Pence & Clawson. They treated me well, and made me a good price which amounted to over \$1600.00 (One Thousand Six Hundred Dollars.) This was lots of money in those days for a Ruben like me. I was well impressed with the "Yankees" as the Southern people call them. They were very courteous, knowing from my lingo that I was a real Southerner. I was invited to some of the best shows, and by some of the best people in New York. I returned this courtesy by taking whole families at my expense. I remained in New York until the latter part of August, and returned to Arkansas to look up George Robinson, and prepared for another winter's trapping. Having boats, tents and outfits in general, it was but little trouble to make the start.

George and I did fine as I had trained him the previous winter and I offered to take George as a partner, but he preferred wages. The winter's trapping was more than a success, and there was but one unusual thing which happened during the winter. My friend, John Litell, had a pack of bear hounds, with the help of which he had killed many bear. Litell had an old nigger that used to hunt with him, or rather to dress the bear. This nigger he called Uncle Ned. I went with my friend several times, as there was quite a "kick" in a real live chase. Often the dogs would bring them to bay in a very short chase, at which time we would get close enough to shoot the bear. Sometimes the bear would climb a tree when pressed hard by the hounds. I noticed that Uncle Ned never came near until he was sure that the bear was dead. One day the dogs jumped a bear, and brought him to bay at once. The bear had backed himself against a large log to prevent the dogs from getting in his rear. Uncle Ned said: "Right here I'se gwine to stay until youse kill dat bear," at the same time taking a large tree to hide behind. Litell and I made to where the dogs had brought the bear to bay and as we rode up, the bear became frightened, and ran and went straight to where Uncle Ned had dismounted. The dogs were pressing the bear hard and just before the bear reached the tree that Uncle Ned was hiding behind, Uncle Ned jumped and ran and ran the same way the bear was headed. Of all the amusing pictures—this would cap them all—to see the nigger running for dear life, the bear at his heels, and the bawling hounds at the heels of the bear. Uncle Ned hung his foot in a vine and fell. The bear and the dogs passed over him. Uncle Ned jumped up (he had turned an ashey white) and as soon as he could speak, he said, "You see dat, no nigger has got any use for follin' around a'year—dat bear knew I was out here, and if the Lord hadn't been with me he would have got me. De Lord caused that vine to trip me, so dat the bear would pass on."

George and I did well, and I had the biggest catch I had ever made. This time I rented a suitable room in which to exhibit my furs, and notified all of the principal fur buyers and asked them to make me a sealed bid, which I would keep confidential and the biggest bidder would get the furs. This worked fine. I believe that I sold that bunch



Uncle Ned, the Bear and Dogs

of furs for more than they were worth in England. With a few I had purchased, they came to over Twenty-two Hundred and Thirty-five Dollars (\$2235.00). I spent two months in New York and returned to Arkansas, and scouted the state to locate the best trapping ground for the coming season. I scouted the base end of the Bayou Matholamem, the stream I had trapped the two previous winters, and found it not so good at the lower end. I also looked up the Biff River, which runs between the Mississippi and the Bayou Matholamem, which would overflow each year by the Mississippi River. There was lots of coon, otter, mink, bear and deer, etc., but no beaver. As beaver paid better in those days than any other animal, I never set my traps where there were no beaver. I also scouted up the Black and Red River but found nothing better than Bayou Matholamem. I hunted up George Robinson, and struck camp for trapping. George and I did well, but not so well as the previous winters. When spring arrived I took my furs to New York and sold them, and I decided to go and see my family in Tennessee. My father met me at the station by accident. As we walked home he told me my dogs were dead, excepting Pudle, and he was getting gray. As we arrived I saw mother in the dining room. I made for her and hugged her so tight she had to tell me to quit, as I was hurting her. My sisters were all at home yet, and it was a joyful meeting. When night arrived, I whistled to old Pudle in the way I used to whistle when I started out for a hunt, and he pricked up his ears and came and smelt of me, and do you know, the old dog recognized me, and began to beg me to go hunting as he used to do. I was so impressed that I went hunting with him as I used to, and we had not gone long when he treed an opossum, and caught it and brought it home alive. As long as I staid at home, which was only two weeks, that old dog would beg me to go hunting. This is a plain incident that animals do remember.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XV.

Everything was quiet and so different staying at home that I could not content myself so I decided to scout around a little and look for game. I bid them all farewell. Such a parting was hard but it had to come.

I left the train at Winona, Mississippi, near Big Black River, where I purchased a boat and traveled down stream for fifty miles or more until I arrived at West Station. There I had my boat shifted to Canton and went down Perrel River to Jackson, the capital of the state. From there to Brookhaven and on down the Baguechitto River into Louisiana where I had my boat tramped to the Amit River and scouted that for several miles. I found the beaver fairly good in places—really better at that time than in Arkansas.

I had left my outfit in care of George Robinson in Arkansas so I wrote George what I had found and asked him to come to Mississippi and bring the outfit, or if he wouldn't come to ship the outfit to Winona. I received a reply saying he had shipped my outfit but could not come himself as he intended to get married, which was a plausible excuse.

My outfit arrived O. K. and I hauled it out to Big Black, the stream I decided to trap first. Its swamps were only about two miles wide and the farmers lived near the edge at the foot of the hills. This made a very desirable stream to trap on as I could board with the farmers and when I caught all the game near I could leave my furs with them and change boarding places at will. I had trapped about 40 miles of Big Black by spring and when the season was over I hired a farmer with two saddle horses and two pack horses and gathered up my furs.

This plan I successfully kept up for several years, trapping single handed and boarding with farmers, until the beavers became so scarce I had to quit making them a specialty and trap for more otter, wolves, mink and coon. During the time I was trapping in Mississippi and Northern Louisiana, my father had made a bad deal on the old Tennessee home and lost everything he had, which was pretty bad for

him in his old age. I purchased Dad 80 acres of land at Ban̄echito, Mississippi, and moved him and the family there and stayed with him a couple of summers to sort of put him on his feet again. By that time the report came that Oklahoma was to be opened for settlement and I decided to pay my Indian friends a visit and take in the opening of Oklahoma.

Again leaving my parents I went to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and tried to find Bill Parrish, my old Cherokee scout, but could not locate him, so I purchased a good saddle horse at Fort Smith and started out over the same trail Bill and I had traveled. I reached old Pequay's cabin in the first day's ride. He knew me and gave me a hearty handshake, inviting me in. After the old Indian had asked me many questions I asked him what had become of Bill Parrish. He shook his head and said, "Poor Bill is dead" and as I saw it hurt him to tell me so I did not inquire further. I stayed two days with Pequay and bid him and his family farewell, then proceeded up the trail alone, which was not as pleasant as when Bill was with me on that same trail several years ago. I had to go through the Creek country which was more than a day's ride. I rode until about 3.00 P. M., ate lunch and went a little further until I met a bunch of Creeks. They eyed me inquiringly but I said nothing to them—simply kept a stiff upper lip and "I don't give a damn look."

I rode until after night before I staked my horse and I did not build a fire for fear that the Indians might want to do me harm, and taking my saddle for a pillow and the saddle blankets for my bed, I rested fine as I was very tired.

The next morning as the Bob White quails began to chatter I arose, built a small camp fire and made a cup of coffee, had a little breakfast and then packed up and was again on my way.

Before night I arrived at my friends, the Van Arsdels, with whom Bill and I had previously stayed. He received me with a hearty welcome. He looked several years older, getting a little gray, and he now had four children.

I passed a very pleasant evening. My friends were well posted as to the opening of Oklahoma and the exact lands that would be opened for settlement. As Bill Parrish and I had previously ridden over the country, I was quite familiar with the lay of it.

I remained with my friend about a week and saw that there were lots of beaver on the North Canadian, where it ran through the Creek country, but white men were prohibited from trapping in the Indian Territory. However, it was not trapping season anyway.

I bade Van Arsdell and his family farewell and rode to the Sack and Fox village. Here I found a number of Indians yet living with whom I had hunted before. Henry Miller was there and upon seeing me he said, "Where did you hail from, white Indian? Get down and give an account of yourself." In short, I told him what I had been doing since my visit with him. They told me that hunting was not so good as it had been. The antelope and buffalo were all gone and there was nothing now left but deer and wild turkey.

They were all glad to see me and told me of the success they had

had trapping the way I had shown them.

I stayed four days with the Sack and Fox and during that time we took one deer hunt, killing five, and three turkeys. I then bade them farewell and promised to come back again.

I rode from the Sack and Fox village to Tecumseh in one day, where I stayed overnight and in another half day I was at the Shawnee village, which were my favorite Indians, excepting the Delawares.

These Indians could speak English very well and our meeting was grand. That night after supper they informed me that they were in trouble. They told me that they were only squatters and that their country was to be sold and settled by white people and that they would have to look out about their Texas home. They said they wanted me to help them. After they explained how they had fought the Camanches and Kiwahs with Texas and Texas had given them 40 miles square on Brazee River for their services in the Indian war. They told me many exciting stories of how they had rescued white captives from the Camanches and what dangerous perils they had undergone. It made tears rise in my eyes and I only wished I could have been with them. After they had explained this situation, I told them I would like first to consider what was best to do and I wanted to be in the country when it opened for settlement, which would be soon, and after the opening they could call a council and we would agree on some plan in which to proceed. I knew Texas, especially Brazee River, was thickly settled and was almost sure their reservation had been settled, which was a fact.

I remained with the Shawnees about ten days. I wanted to get on to the line of the country that was to be opened for settlement which was old Oklahoma proper, which was never an Indian Reservation and was first to be opened for settlement.

The people had begun to collect all along the line, from every state in the Union. Most of them had come in covered wagons, the land to be opened for settlement was completely surrounded with white people seeking a home.

The set day and hour came for the country to be opened and many unprincipled fellows slipped in the night before the opening and hid themselves in timber and grass, but those that were more honorable remained on the line until the minute the signal was given to go, at that, they were all mounted on their horses when the signal was given and a wild rush was made all around the country. Within two hours it was covered with men, some contending for the same piece of land, and as there were more people than there was tracts of 160 acres each, this was a sad affair. Some were badly disappointed as they had their families and all their belongings with them. Some were killed by accident and others were killed in quarrels. Most of the disputes arose with unscrupulous fellows who had sneaked in the night before. I made a run for a town lot in Oklahoma City, and got one on Main Street, and sold my right to it the next day for \$125.00 which was a big price at that time, but if I had it now I could easily get \$10,000.00 for it.

The next opening I was in was the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe. By this time I had learned that I could make the worth

of 160 acres of land by acting as scout for the settlers. As I was well acquainted with the lay of the country and knew where the best land lay, I secured for myself a good winded red buck horse that would lope and run for miles on the day of the opening and I would lead my friends to the best land. Of course, the bunch of them paid well for this, and I made a business of it as long as I was in Oklahoma, never taking any land for myself, however. I saw lots of misery there. Many times I have seen poor families destitute with no employment, the mother and children hungry, with supplies high.

I took what money I had and purchased a ferry boat on the north Canadian River, 16 miles below Oklahoma City. The fellow was charging the public 50 cents to cross the river. I secured from Oklahoma County a charter to build a bridge at this point and operate it as a toll bridge for the term of three years, charging wagons and teams 10 cents each, fellows on horseback five cents. At the end of three years I was to turn the bridge over to the county in good repair. At this bridge I made my headquarters for three years, quitting my trapping to some extent for the time being, but I would buy furs from the Indians.

One day Joe Mack, the Shawnee interpreter, rode up and said: "Hello, Squeagochathe." "Hello, Joe." I answered. Joe told me that Big Jim, their chief, wanted me to come down on the next day and the whole tribe would hold a council about their home in Texas. I remembered my promise to Joe and I rode twenty miles down south to the Shawnee village. It began to snow early in the morning and by the time we reached the Shawnee village the snow was almost three feet deep. My horse was warm when I arrived so I told the chief that I would have to blanket my horse. Jim went after two good blankets and by that time my horse had begun to shiver in the cold. Old Jim looked at him and said, "Maybe so bring him in the house." We led him into the log cabin in which we were to hold the council and tied him in the back end. The cabin was a large roomy structure with a large chimney in one end. In that room we sat up the entire night, making arrangements and plans on how we would proceed to get the 40 miles square on Brazee River in Texas. It was agreed that Big Jim, the chief, and Joe Mack, the interpreter, and I would go to Austin, Texas, and investigate their claim. The set time arrived to go to Austin. The chief and their interpreter were all dressed, or rather, they were presentable.

When we arrived in Austin, I proceeded to investigate the war records with an old Texan. It took us about three days to find out the whole thing. The war records showed that the Shawnees and Delawares had been of great service to Texas in the early Indian wars. They were used mostly as scouts and after the Texas settlers had driven the Indians out they gave the Shawnees and Delawares 40 square miles of land. Sam Houston was governor at the time the grant was given to the Indians. The Indians dearly loved him, as he was a real pioneer governor. Hog was governor when we were in Austin and he was entirely different; however, he was greatly interested in our research and gave us all the aid we had asked for.

After making a thorough investigation, we found that the Indian reservation was thickly settled with towns and farms and the only plan was to ask Texas to reimburse the Indians for their 40 miles square. We also found out that the Delawares were equally interested with the Shawnees and their claim would have to be made jointly.

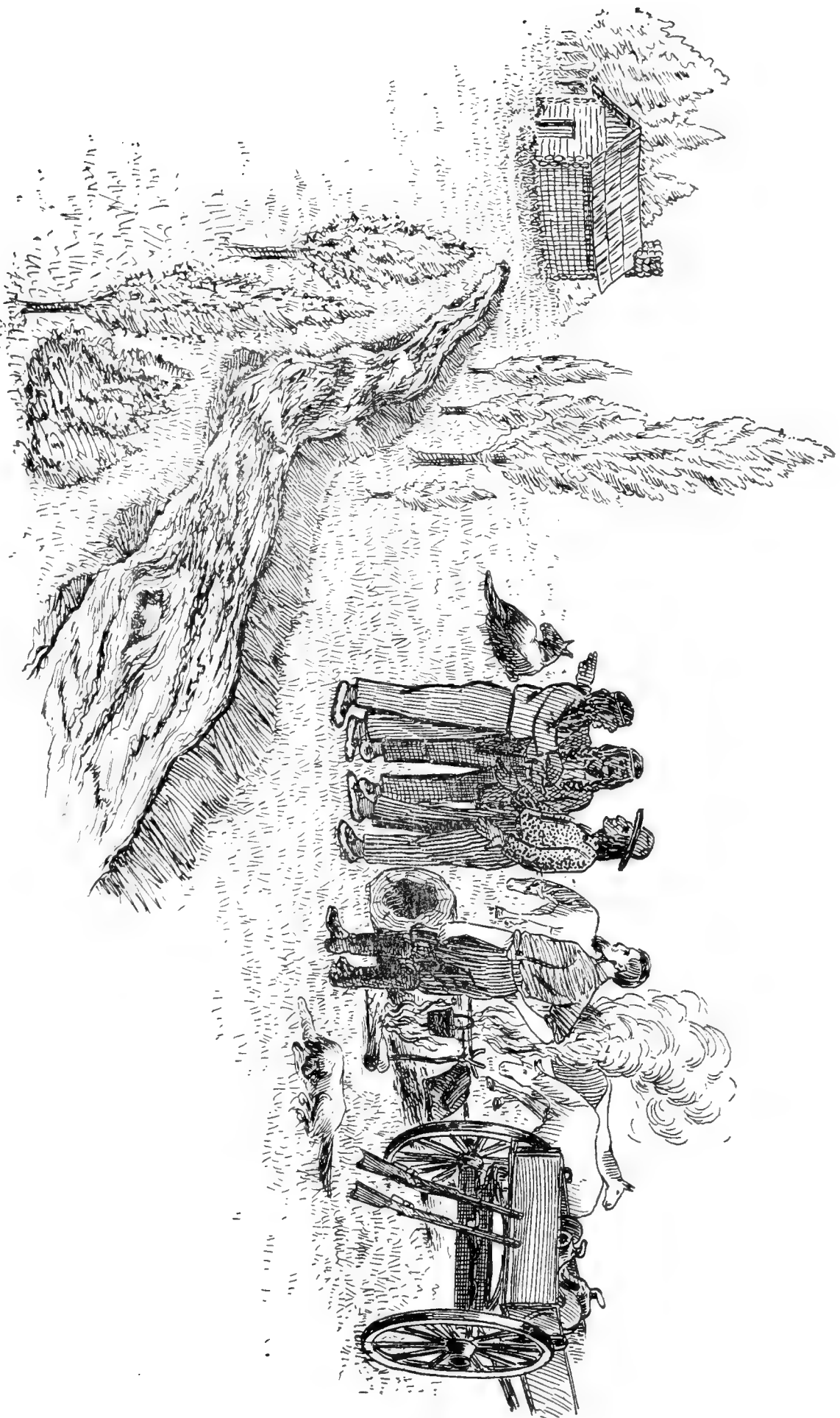
Many old Texas settlers visited our hotel to see Big Jim, the Shawnee Chief, and express their gratitude for the Shawnee and Delaware Indians.

Everything looked good, so we returned to the territory which is now Oklahoma. A time was set to go see the Delawares and make an agreement with them concerning their claim in Texas. At the appointed time Big Jim, Joe Mack and another old Indian by the name of Pecan and I started for the Wichitaw country to see the Delawares. Big Jim had a spring wagon in which to carry our outfit and Joe Mack, Pecan and I rode horseback. The distance was about three days journey. We camped in the edge of the Wichitaw on the South Canadian the first night and the second day we drove until about noon and struck camp and hunted deer that afternoon. Joe Mack killed two fine deer, which was all we needed. The third day I was riding with Big Jim in his wagon and my horse was leading behind. As I was very familiar with the chief and as we often joked one another I decided to have some fun. I told him I had something to ask him. He looked at me with his black Indian eyes and I hesitated in telling him. "What do you want to ask me," he said. I looked him square in the eye and I told him I wanted Cha Cha to be my squaw and I wanted his consent. Cha Cha, which means bird, was a very beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of the chief. The chief gave me the most searching look I have ever received and I gave him one in return. Presently he looked down and for some time there wasn't a word spoken. Finally he straightened up and gave me a square look and said to me, "I want to talk to you." I told him to say on. He said in a husky voice, "You see many times yourself where white men have taken squaw for wife and raised up half breeds. They steal horses and lie. You see yourself where the horse and jack is crossed it makes a mule. This mule will kick and jump fences and you can't catch him when you want to. He is no good. The Great Spirit made the Indian—he made the white man and the horse, but he has nothing to do with making half breed Indians or mules. It is no good for you to catchum Indian squaw for wife. You want squaw, catchum white squaw and the Great Spirit will bless you."

This was a joke I had played well. I burst out into a laugh and told Big Jim that I was only joking to see what he would say. It certainly was a relief to the chief and he said as much.

We arrived at Bull Wilson's, the chief of the Delawares, about 3:00 P. M. but he was not at home. His cabin was near where a large creek boiled out of the ground. We drove down the creek about 100 yards and struck camp. While the Indians were making camp ready,

Bull Wilson's Home and Our Camp in the Wichita Country



I took my bird dog, old Nig, and told the Indians I would go and kill some quails. I had not gone far until I saw an opossum. I shot it and killed a mess of quail and returned to camp. When I arrived and the Indians saw the opossum, I thought they were talking awfully disgusted. Joe Mack said, "What did you kill the opossum for?" "Why," I said, "isn't he good to eat?" "No," he said, "a dog won't eat an opossum and besides it is a sure sign of bad luck to kill an opossum. You see that one out there (pointing his finger); that is one we burned to death when we built our camp fire in that hollow log. We will certainly have bad luck on this trip." I took the opossums and threw them out of sight of our camp. That night Pecan had left his coat lying on the log in which the camp fire was started and during the night the fire spread down the log and burned Pecan's coat. The next morning when this was discovered Joe said, "What did I tell you about killing an opossum being bad luck? You see now it has started."

While we were eating breakfast we saw two Indians traveling on a blind road which led to Bull Wilson's cabin. They stopped a minute or two and talked in Indian and then proceeded toward Bull Wilson's cabin. I could see the Indians were uneasy so I asked what was the matter. Joe told me that old Bull Wilson, the chief of the Delawares, as he left the Indian dance the night before had remarked that they would never see him again alive as he was going to the happy hunting ground and the Indians were trailing him for fear that he would kill himself. They had no more than finished telling me when I saw the two Delawares who were trailing him come running so fast their plaited hairs stood straight out behind. As they reached camp they talked with the Shawnees for five minutes, then they left. Seeing something had happened, I enquired of Joe and he said that Bull Wilson had tied the trigger of his gun to his big toe with a string and had blown his head off. This made me a little uneasy as I thought they might think that we killed him. When I voiced my fears to Joe he said, "No, they wouldn't think that."

In a few hours several Delaware Indians drove up in a two-horse wagon and there were others on horseback. They laid the corpse of their chief in the wagon. It was a sad affair.

As the Delawares returned we followed behind to their village. I asked Joe what we would do now the man whom we had come to see was dead. He said, "They will elect another chief and we will go ahead with our business." The corpse was laid under an open shelter adjoining their council house and for three days the Indians kept up a continual beating of tom-tom drums, day and night, during which time I took my bird dog and hunted quails as they were near the village by the hundreds. The Shawnees and I had our camp to ourselves, and many of the Indians I had previously hunted with when Bill Parrish and I had visited their village 14 years hence, came to camp and would ask me many questions about trapping and what I found out about the Texas home.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER

FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XVI.

After Bull Wilson, the chief, had been buried the Indians held a council for three days; on the third day I was called into their council during which they had elected Jim Bob chief—he had previously been second chief. The Indians came to an agreement as to how and what they would pay me for my services, which was 10 per cent of what we might get out of Texas. After our agreement was arrived at we had to go to Anadorko to have our agreement confirmed by the Indian agent. This done, we pulled for home.

Several months elapsed during which time I got Judge Green of Oklahoma City to prepare the Indians' claim against Texas, in the form of a memorial, asking Texas to reimburse the Indians for their 40 miles square of land. The Indians were in great hopes. We found out when the Texas legislature was to meet and it was agreed that both tribes of Indians would be represented by their respective chiefs and the interpreters.

We met the Texas legislature and presented our memorial and the two Indian chiefs made a speech, each with more sound sense to it than most of our orators of now could have displayed. The lower house recommended that the Indians be reimbursed and the upper house dug out an old act of 1842 that provided that where land was given to the Indians and they ceased to live on it for thirty years, the land would revert back to the state. This act killed the Indians' claim and the Texas people seemed to hate it as badly as the Indians did. We returned to the territory, broken hearted and disappointed, but the U. S. government provided for the Indians. The Shawnees were given their allotted land in the Potawatamie country and the Delawares were allotted land in the Wichitaw country.

The Delawares and Shawnees were so disappointed they persuaded me to go with them to Mexico City to see old Dias, who was at that time governor of Old Mexico. The Indians were under the impression they might be allowed to sell their allotments in Oklahoma and purchase land in Old Mexico. Dias was willing to sell the Indians land but our government would not permit them to sell their

allotments. Many of them ran away and left their allotments and made their home in Old Mexico anyway. As mean a thing as was ever done to the Indians was to persuade them to sell their Oklahoma Territory; by this entire hopes were shattered and they have died off until but few are left. The Kickapoo reservation was the next to be opened for settlement, a small reservation 25 miles square, very fertile, in which the North Canadian River was the line on one side. It was over this river I had my toll bridge.

Just before the opening an old friend of mine, "Grandpa Couch" he was called, came to see me and asked if I would locate some of his grandchildren the day of the opening. I told him I would. The day before the opening three of his grandchildren who were over 21 and Uncle Henry Couch came with them, camped at my bridge. There were two young ladies and one young man by the name of Couch. One of the girls was Uncle Henry's and the other was Captain Wm. Couch's daughter, Minnie. The girls were cooking on an outdoor camp fire and Minnie seemed to be the principal cook; she had a stick with which she punched the fire. Uncle Henry had allowed his old bird dog to follow. Minnie had the things she had cooked sitting on the ground and the old bird dog stuck his nose in some of them. The girl was squatted down, with her big stick in her hand, one end of which was in the fire. Uncle Henry bawled out, "Minnie, kill that dog." The girl looked over her shoulder and as she located the dog she struck back and hit him lengthwise of the back. From the way the dog ran and bellowed I think she must have broken his ribs loose from his backbone. Uncle Henry said, "Bless my life, I do believe you have killed my dog." She replied, "Why, Uncle Henry, you told me to kill him." The lick the girl gave the dog tickled me, and I said to her, "You are a girl after my own heart."

The day came for the opening of the Kickapoo and it fell to my lot to make the race with Minnie. The hour and minute arrived for the race for land, she riding a splendid pony which she called "Injin." While it was no match for John, my red buck running horse, it was better than the ordinary horse. When the word was given we struck a bee line for Captain Creek, about eight miles distant. We were the first to strike the creek. We dismounted and there I staked the girl a fine claim. While I was rustling around the corners of the 160-acre tract sticking up flag stakes, the girl remained where she dismounted. When I returned she was lying stretched out on a large flat rock; before she sat up I was afraid she might be ill, but she was only resting. We stayed on her claim until late in the afternoon, until she had witnesses to her location, and we then rode back to the bridge. The next day she filed her claim to the land and returned with one of her brothers, a wagon and team, a camping outfit and a plow with which to break some land to show evidence of actual settlement.

I was over most every day to see "my girl," as I called her. She was different than most girls; she reminded me of the pictures I had admired long ago in the Bible when Moses was a child and was

found in the little ark. If you remember, the woman was tall with large pleasant looking eyes and wore sandals. She was so much like nature's girl and so different from most girls, being the same all the time. She was raised on the frontier of Kansas and could ride horse-back equal to any jockey.

After we became well acquainted she went quail hunting with me several times and was a very good shot. All of this, and Minnie, caused me to fall in love with Minnie Couch. After a brief courtship we were married.

By this time Oklahoma had begun to get tame so we sold our holdings and went to California. There we lived and I trapped through the mountains for over twenty years.

Mountain trapping is entirely different from trapping swamps and the animals are different in mountains. You find there wolves, coyotes, lions, bears, lynx and lynx cat, cougars, fox, martin and any number of others, while the swamps have more beaver, otter, mink, coon, muskrat, etc. While I was trapping in the mountains I would locate the animals during the summer and build log cabins to live in during the winter. As a rule I would build one cabin near the summit of the mountain and one half way down and another about the snow line. The first trapping I did in the early fall was from the upper cabin, and as the snow would come and drive the animals to a lower altitude, I would make a sled out of poles, load it with my outfit and furs and slide down to my second or middle cabin, and as the snow would drive the animals on down still farther, I would again sled my stuff to the lower cabin. In the spring when the snow began to melt I would use burros to pack my outfit back, and as the animals would follow the snow line I would follow them until late spring. This would find me and my outfit at the top again, ready for the coming fall, at which time I would pack in my winter supplies with the burros, turn them loose and as the snow would fall they would go back and the next spring I would find them somewhere at the foot of the mountains.

I would like to tell here of my exciting hunts, but space will not permit. But, before you try to live and follow the life I have lived, you had better try yourself out by trapping and hunting around home; try to find what breed of dogs you are. If you find your instincts are similar to the ones I had, which never found the trails too long or the storms too rough, you may make a success. But, boys, before you go to Alaska, figure yourself out.

I am now 64 years old and have got too old to stand the storms, so have quit the trap line; however, I am yet a live old wire, though my blood pumps too slow to stand the cold.

Yours very truly,

T. ALEXANDER,

Linnton, Oregon.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAPPER AND HUNTER FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

By T. ALEXANDER

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE BEAVER



Beaver will only be found in some states of the United States and Canada and would now be entirely extinct were it not that they have protected them. They are easy to locate. Where you see small trees cut down by them, showing fresh work, you may know there are beaver near. They have two modes of living; some of the time in holes they burrow in the banks of streams and lakes, and other times they build houses out of sticks, leaves and mud. This is done generally in ponds and lakes which they dam to hold the water. You will see where they make trails from the water's edge to where they cut the small trees. You will also notice where they throw mud and leaves out of the water on the bank, which is called the "beaver mud slides" by the old trappers.

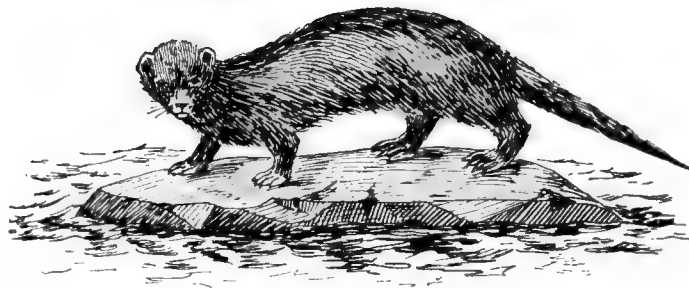
After locating your beaver you may set traps on their feeding slides, also on their mud slides or make slides yourself that resemble the beaver's natural slides.

You should set your traps from 6 to 8 inches under the water and place your bait two or three feet from the trap, on the bank, and cover it with leaves to protect it from rain. Make the traps fast, as shown in the illustration.

In bad frozen weather you will see where the beaver will get to a shallow place and shove the ice up and break a hole. This he will do every night, to prevent it from freezing so hard as to render it impossible to break. You can go to such places and break the ice and you can see where the beaver places his feet when climbing out of his ice hole. Place your traps in his tracks and make them fast. The No. 4 is the most desirable trap for beaver. Stretch as illustrated.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE OTTER



You will find otter on most all streams and lakes that are well supplied with fish. When trying to locate the otter, notice where two streams run together and one of the three points that is made by the junction of the two rivers or creeks.

You will find the otter will come out and make what is known as an otter slide. This you will know by seeing where they climb the bank. As they arrive at the top of the bank you will notice where they rake up piles of leaves and thereon they will leave their deposit which consists mostly of fish scales.

Where streams make a short bend and come back near together you will see where the otter will leave the stream and cross over land and enter the stream on the opposite side. Generally they will rake up leaves and leave their deposit just as they reach the top of the bank. They also go from streams to ponds and lakes—to see if they are doing this, go where the lake and stream come the closest together and look for their trails and slides.

When making a set for otter you should have water at least four or five feet deep in which to drown him and if where he leaves the water is not this deep, you should go just above and just below, where you can find water four or five feet deep, and make slides yourself that resemble the otter's natural slide. You can do this with a stick. Place your traps from 8 to 10 inches under the water and conceal them well with rotten leaves and mud, and place your bait about two or three feet above your traps on the bank and cover it with leaves to protect it from rain and sunshine. Make your traps fast as shown by illustration of water sets. Should the water be deep enough to drown where the otter comes out you should make a set on his natural slide and one above and one below. Bait all three sets just alike, being careful to leave no scent of yourself and conceal your traps and stakes well.

You can make dry land sets for otter also, but in so doing you will frighten the other otter and they will quit your territory. You will notice where he climbs the bank; just at the top of the bank he always passes a certain place. This is the most desirable place to set your traps. You will also see where the otter comes out on large trees that have fallen in the water with one end on the bank. In making a set on the log you should chop a notch in the log to receive your traps. Take rotten leaves and mud to cover the trap. Should you set your traps above the water's edge cover them with moss. The covering should extend up and down the log for two or three feet, as though it grew there. When making dry land sets in freezing and snowy weather you can use a white piece of paper to cover your

trap; common unruled letter paper is the best. Cut an X in the center of the sheet and allow the X to rest on the tread pan of your trap; this will permit it to fall. Cover lightly with snow.

You should not use a weak trap for otter as it will not hold them. The No. 2 or No. 3 Newhouse is the best size. If you will remove one of the springs from a No. 2 and place a No. 4 spring instead you will have one of the best otter traps known. It is a good idea to set from two to six traps at each set, as you will often catch several otter in one night, as they often travel in families.

When you have made your sets, don't move your traps until they catch, and if you know you are on a good runway, set your traps in the same places as the otter travel the same route for miles. You should not become discouraged should you have to leave your traps set for a week or two. The otter will return on his regular circuit.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE MINK



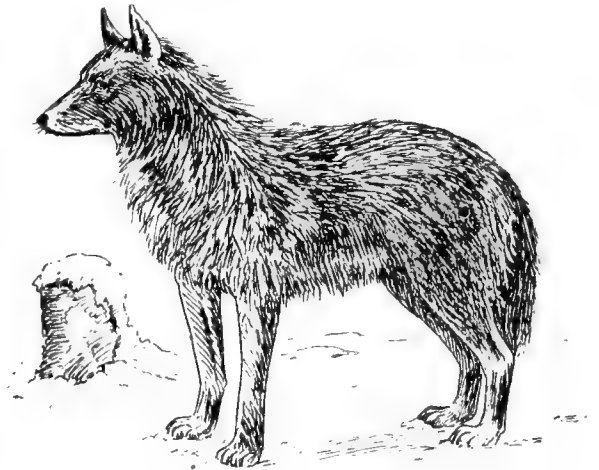
You will find mink where there are plenty of fish, birds and rabbits. The sign is very small and you will have to look close. You will find his tracks in the mud and swamp along the banks of ponds, lakes and small streams. You will also see where he catches small fish and crawfish and leaves their scales on the bank and logs near the water's edge. You will find that mink travel just above the water's edge. He also travels on the edge of the upper part of the bank, using this trail when he is traveling and using the trail near the water's edge when he is fishing. You will also notice they travel all logs that run the same direction the trails are going. You will also notice that they land on logs and drifts when fishing.

To be successful in trapping mink you should make sets on the trail near the water's edge and use the water set rig to drown him. You should dig a hole in those trails to receive the trap; cover nicely with rotten leaves. You should also make sets on logs on which you see that they have been traveling. This you do by chopping a notch in the log to receive your trap and cover it nicely with sheet moss. You should fasten the trap so that when the mink is caught he will drown. When the freezing weather comes, however, you cannot drown them. You should make sets in the ends of hollow trees or under bluffs of rock that are sheltered from snow and place your trap and bait under the shelter. You can make small snow sheds for mink before the snow season. This you can do in many ways.

You can use evergreen brush or bark or roll three logs together, forming a hole. This makes a splendid snow shed. You will find that dry rotten wood or worm dust makes the best covering for your traps in freezing weather, using first flat leaves to cover the trap, then cover the leaves with the pulverized rotten wood or worm dust.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE COYOTE AND WOLF



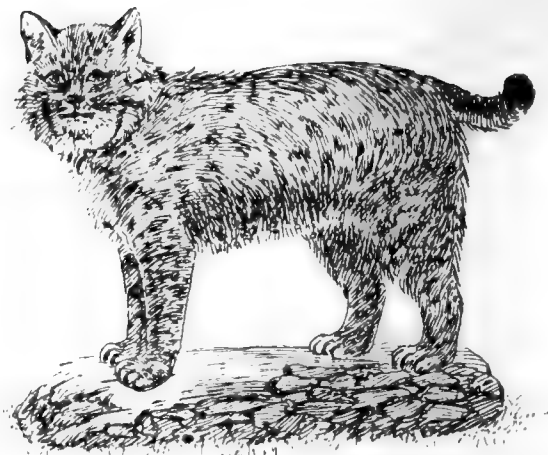
You will see where they use a trail to travel. They invariably leave their deposits just to one side of the trail. You will also see where they scratch back and scratch the ground, just like the dog. They travel any trail, even to public roads. They are great rangers and can cover a great deal of territory in one night. They have no particular dens, only when having their young, using rough, bushy country for their hiding. You will find them mostly in rough, mountainous countries and often in dense swamps.

When making a set for wolf or coyote you should set from two to six traps and don't go only near enough to see. When you are running your trap line, let the traps remain until they do catch; use a drag for a fastening and set your trap in their trails, spacing them two or three feet apart and concealing everything well. Place your bait two or three feet from the traps on each side of the trail and cover it with leaves. You will find the crossing logs make a good set for coyotes and wolves.

During snow season you should use snow sheds that you have made before snow season, or natural sheds that are near the trail they travel. You will find if you can ride your trap line that the coyote and wolf are not so shy of the tracks of a horse as of a man. When you dismount to attend your traps you should step in the tracks the horse has made; by this plan you will keep down suspicion. Where a tree has fallen across their trail makes a splendid set. Place two traps about three or four feet from the log in the trail and two traps on top of the log where he lights when he jumps from the ground, and place your bait two or three feet on the log each way from the traps. No. 2 or No. 3 traps are the most effective.

CHAPTER V.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE LYNX CAT



You will see their deposit on the trails they use. You will notice where they cover it at times as do house cats. They are great to walk logs as they hunt their prey. They always seek the highest or lowest point of view, using the highest point to locate and the lowest to sneak on their prey. They often visit farms. A bushy, thick undergrowth seems to be their haunts. They also like high mountain country. The trails they use are located easily as it is like the fox. Set traps in these trail and place the bait on each side of the trail two feet from the traps. The crossing log is a fine set for lynx cat, and logs that run the same way for some distance, as they invariably walk such logs.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP LYNX



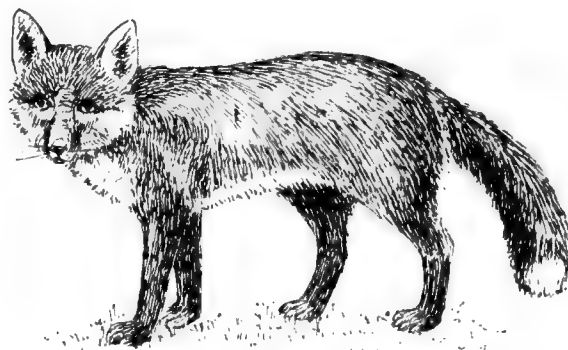
They are only found now in high altitudes where you find deer and snowshoe rabbits plentiful. You will notice they travel the deer trails, and not only the deer trails but all animal trails such as fox and lynx cat. They leave their deposits, as a rule, on logs that have fallen across the trails or rocks that project out of the ground in the trail.

The mode of trapping the lynx is about the same as the lynx cat, wolf or coyote. Set your trap on trails they travel; place the bait two or three feet from the traps on each side of the trail and cover with leaves. Make sets on crossing logs and on logs that run in line with each other, making a long log walkway. You should

make snow sheds on such logs. You will notice they take the highest altitudes in mountain range to travel when they are going from one locality to another. This high mountain ridge always has an animal trail, which makes a desirable set for lynx, wolf, coyote, lion, cougar, panther and bear.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE FOX



You will find the fox in most all the states. He often visits the farm but you will find them more plentiful in high altitudes—mountainous regions. They live in natural caves, in bluffs of rock, hollow trees and logs and sometimes burrow their own dens. You will know the trail they travel by seeing where they leave their deposit. As a rule they place this on a rock or log that is in the trail and on all trails that they travel, the fox leaves this sign. In locating them in the mountains they have two distinct trails they travel—one is in the highest altitude on top of the mountain ridge and the other trails are made on either side of the canyon or gulch near the foot of the mountain or hills.

Set your trap in their trails and conceal well, leaving no scent of yourself, and place your bait about two feet from your traps on each side of the trail and cover it to protect. It's good to make your trap fast to a drag. This prevents the fox from tearing up the trail. The best set is where trees have fallen and span a stream, forming a crossing log. The fox will travel for miles to cross such logs rather than swim. In this case you chop notches to receive your traps and cover with moss, worm dust or pulverized rotten wood. You also use the drowning rig in this case and place two or three traps at intervals. When trapping in snow, it is good to make snow shelters for your traps. This should be done before snow season sets in. You should also make small snow sheds just to one side of the trails they travel and you can use natural snow sheds made by trees that are hollow at the base. Also bluffs of rocks and hollow logs. Your bait should be placed the length of the animal from the trap.

CHAPTER VIII.

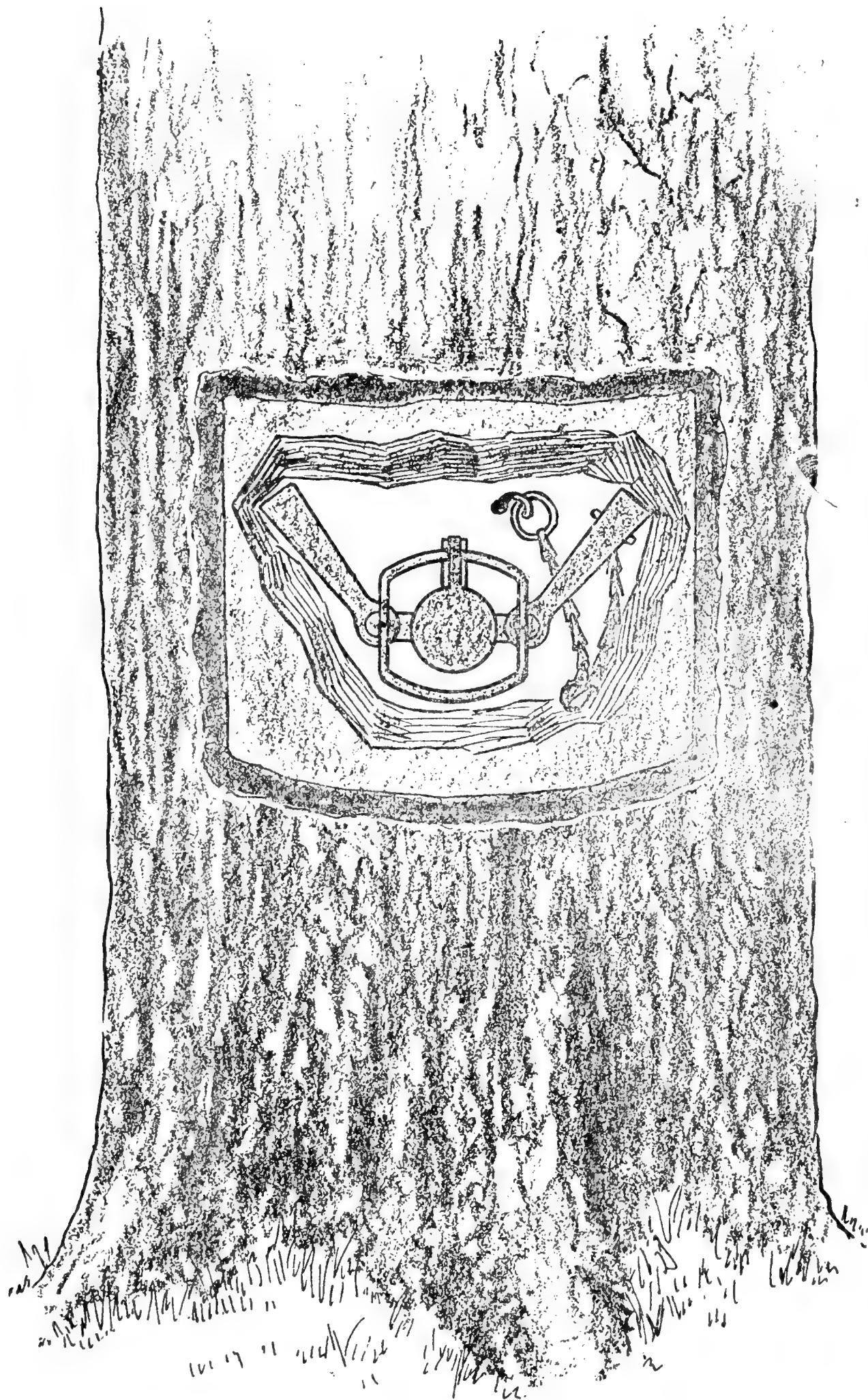
HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE FISHER



You will only find the fisher in the mountains where squirrels, snowshoe rabbits and birds are numerous. You will notice where they kill the squirrels, birds and rabbits. They travel all animal trails and they use logs to travel on and use the highest point of view to locate their prey and the lower to sneak up on them. You will also notice where they go in the holes in the base of trees and bluffs of rocks. You will notice where they find a tree that has fallen and lodged against another tree, they invariably walk up such trees.

You should make snow sheds for your traps and bait. On such logs as they travel and use such natural sheds as you find along the trail they travel. You should conceal your traps with worm dust or pulverized rotten wood. In setting on trails under snow sheds you should place the bait two feet from the trap. In making log sets you should place the bait opposite the trap on each side of the log, on the log. To make what is called a "tree set" you cut around the bark, say one foot circle, and take the bark out whole. Then chop the notch to receive your trap. Place the trap in the notch and place the bait under the trap, then cut a hole one and one-half inches in diameter in the bark that will come directly opposite the tread pan of the trap. Place the bark back just as you have removed it and make it fast to the tree with small finishing nails. The trap chain should be fastened with a fence staple inside the notch. The fisher will stick his paw through the hole in the bark and in so doing he comes in contact with the tread pan of the trap.

The No. 2 double spring is the most desirable trap for fisher.



Tree Set for Fisher

CHAPTER IX.



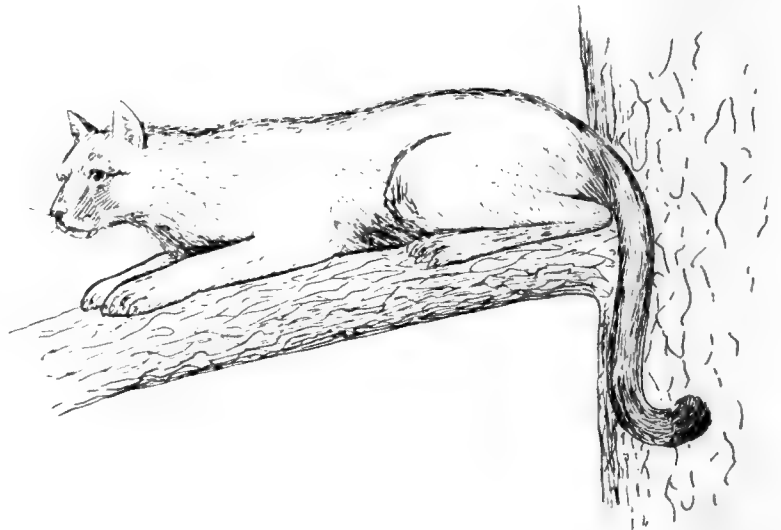
HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE MARTIN

The habits of the martin are similar to those of the fisher. You will find him in mountains that are timbered. They can be easily trapped where they are found. Log sets are the best, and holes in the base of trees. Leaning trees make fine sets. You can make snow sheds under the leaning tree, at the base, the tree forming a part of your snow shed. Make your traps fast with a fence staple to a drag.

Use the No. 2 trap.

CHAPTER X.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE PANTHER, LION, COUGAR



You will find them only where deer are plentiful. You find the panther in swamp countries but the lion and cougar in the mountains. You will see their deposits along the deer trails, consisting of deer hair. You will notice where they kill the deer where the deer have to pass a narrow trail in steep places, where the cougar, lion or panther can conceal himself on a tree that leans over the trail or a bluff of rock that is elevated to one side of the trail. They know how to pick such places to spring on their prey. You will notice they travel the high ridges from one locality to another and invariably travel the same route.

High altitude trails are the most desirable points to set traps. Make your sets where the trail is narrow, where they can't very well go around your traps. Place your bait about five or six feet from the trail on each side and cover with leaves to protect from the rain and sunshine. You should use a drag as a fastening for your traps. You should set from two to four traps at a set, using the No. 6 Newhouse with teeth. Crossing logs make fine sets, also the log walkways. In setting on logs, chop the notch to one side of the center, allowing the spread of the animal's feet as he walks.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE BEAR



You will find the bear in swamps and mountains. Their habitation depends entirely on where they can find feed. They subsist on acorns, berries, grapes of all kinds, bugs and worms. You will see where they feed on such things and notice his trails leading to his hiding places, which is thick brush and rough places in the mountains. You will notice where they turn over logs, hunting bugs. You will see that they travel high elevation mountain ranges and when changing their locality you will also notice where they travel deep, dense caverns or gulches. You can also notice where they cross logs that span streams.

Any of the trails make good sets, being governed by their fresh signs. Your traps should be well concealed and made fast to a drag made out of a small tree, say six or eight inches in diameter, ten or fifteen feet in length. You can make a V just to one side of his trail to compel the bear to walk over your trap to get your bait. In making a set you should set the trap to one side, allowing for the spread of his feet as he walks.

The No. 15 Newhouse offset jaws is the best trap for bear.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP RACCOON



You will find the raccoon, as a general rule, along streams, lakes, ponds and swamp lands. They feed a great deal on crawfish, berries, grapes and acorns. You will see where their trails are just in the edge of the water on small streams, ponds and lakes. You will also notice their trails on high land if there is anything to feed on. You will notice that they invariably walk on logs where they are feeding, and when they are traveling they make a trail just on top of the bank of streams and lakes. They will travel a long ways to find a log or drift they can use as a bridge to cross the stream rather than swim.

You can set your traps in the trails they make in the edge of the water and place the bait on a stake about one foot from the trap

toward the deep water, and use the drowning rig. You can make good sets on logs and cover your trap with moss. You should always make sets on the logs they use as a bridge to cross on. You can use a fence staple or a large nail to make your wire fast to the log and a weight for the lower end as illustrated. When making log sets you should always chop a notch in the log and place your bait on each side of the log on the log opposite your trap.

The No. 2 is the best size to hold the coon.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP MUSKRAT



You will find muskrat around ponds, lakes and small streams. You will notice their sign by seeing where they cut green grass and where they scratch roots near the water's edge. You will see where they burrow holes just under the water along the banks of streams, ponds and lakes and you will notice where they build houses with small sticks and grass.

You should set traps along the water's edge, about three or four inches under the water, and place your bait about a foot from the trap on the bank. You will do well to scratch a little like the rat, to make believe other rats have been going out. You should drown the rat as he is bad to get off his foot. You can set on floating logs and trees that have fallen in the water. Conceal your trap with rotten leaves if you are trapping in tide water or streams that are continually rising and falling. You should make floats as described and set your trap on the float on the end that is under the water and anchor it as shown, and place your bait on the upper or dry end of the float. This is a splendid way to catch the muskrat. The only way to catch them when everything is frozen is to set in their holes and chop holes in their houses and make sets there.

The No. 1½ trap will do the work.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE OPOSSUM



You will find the opossum in most all of our states where wild

grapes, persimmon berries and acorns grow, for this is their principal food. They den in hollow logs, bluffs of rock and burrow holes in the ground. From their dens you will see trails leading to their feeding ground. Set your traps on these trails and place your bait about one foot from your trap on each side of the trail. You will find that logs make a splendid set. Use the No. 1½ trap.

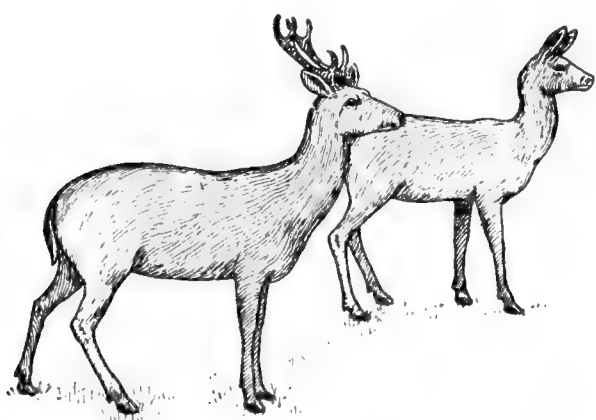
CHAPTER XV.

HOW TO LOCATE AND TRAP THE SKUNK



You will find the skunk around farms, also in the hills and mountains. As a rule they burrow holes in the ground, but sometimes they live in hollow logs and trees. You will see trails leading in most all directions from their dens. You will see where they scratch small places in the leaves and dirt, looking for bugs and worms, which is their principal feed. Set your traps in their trails and place your bait on each side of the trail about six inches from your trap; cover it with leaves to protect from rain. The No. 1½ trap is the right size.

All kinds of animals besides those I have described can be trapped in the same way. This system can not be excelled.



CHAPTER XVI.

HOW TO LOCATE AND HUNT THE DEER

This is a subject that will interest all hunters, especially the amateur.

When you are hunting deer in the mountains you will see their main trails they use going to water, and from their place of hiding which as a rule is brush. Often rough bluffs of rock are used as a hiding place. Any of these trails you find, where the sign is fresh, is a good place to stop from early in the morning until about 9:00 A. M.; by that time they have hid themselves. Then, from that time

until about 3:00 P. M. hunt their hiding places. You will notice they will lay down at the upper end of gulches where they come near to a point at the top of the mountain. If it is hot weather you will find them on the shady side, and if it is cold you will find them on the south or sunny side, and if there is a cold wind blowing you will find them in a cove where they are protected from the wind.

In hunting gulches I find it a good idea where the brush is bad to walk on the opposite hillside to where you expect the deer. In looking across the ravine you can see through the brush much better than you could see if you were on the same side the deer are on. Travel high enough to see across, but not out of the range of your gun. It is a good idea in making such hunts to place one or two of the bunch at the head of the gulches where the deer cross the main ridge. As you hunt in this way you should throw a small rock down the hill to cause them to get up out of their beds and look around. When you throw the rock stand still and watch the opposite hillside. You may throw three or four rocks at intervals. You should not throw or roll large rocks down the hill but small ones that won't make too much noise. By this plan you can raise them out of their beds and start them to moving around, giving a good chance to see them. You should keep yourself well hid in the brush, as you hunt this way, making no noise while walking and when you have a plain view stop and stand still for several minutes, throwing a rock occasionally.

When the deer are feeding you can hunt around their feeding ground, which as a rule is in the open. Keep yourself hid in the brush.

When the bucks have begun to run in the fall of the year, you can go early in the morning and hide yourself near where you see their trails and where they twist the brush with their horns. Often deer will pass such places up until about 9:00 o'clock A. M.

The best way to hunt deer is to get a bird dog pup, preferably a pointer, and train him to walk just ahead of you (you can do this with a collar and chain). After you kill one or two deer this dog will trail them for you and show you more deer in a day than you would find in a week. I have killed deer up into the hundreds by this plan. You should always keep the wind in your favor, coming from the deer to you.

Where stock are held and feed on a deer range, you can take a cow bell and travel slow, keeping well hid in the brush, rattling the bell as stock do as they feed, and the deer will not become frightened. You can also bell your saddle horse, ride slow, allowing the horse to feed as you go, and if the deer are used to belled stock you can ride within shooting distance.

I also could tell you how to kill them at night, but that is not lawful and does not even give the deer a sporting chance for his life.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW DIFFERENT ANIMALS SHOULD BE SKINNED

To case an animal you should split the skin from the heel of one hind foot to the other. Split the tail on the under side and take out the bone, remove the skin, leaving the fore legs whole.

To take a skin off open, split the skin from chin to the end of tail; split each fore leg on the under side from heel to chest, and split the hind legs to the vent and remove the skin. You should be careful to not allow your knife to cut the skin or cut the roots of the hair or fur; if you do this will cause the fur to shed out when tanned.

Remove the fat and pelt with the pelting knife and board described in illustrations. When once pelted stretch as shown in illustrations.

Otter, mink, martin, fisher, lynx, lynx cat, fox, coyote, wolf, muskrat, opossum, skunk and raccoon should be cased. Cougar, lion, panther, bear, beaver and deer should be open.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT SCENT BAITS WILL ATTRACT

A bait that will attract beaver will also attract muskrat.

A bait that will attract otter will attract mink.

A bait that will attract coyote will attract wolf and fox.

A bait that will attract bear will attract raccoon, skunk, opossum.

A bait that will attract lynx will attract lynx cat.

A bait that will attract fisher will attract martin.

A bait that will attract cougar will attract panther and lion.

I manufacture seven different animal scent baits, differently scented, to attract the animals they are intended for. They are:

One for beaver and muskrat.

One for otter and mink.

One for coyote, wolf and fox.

One for fisher and martin.

One for bear, raccoon, skunk and opossum.

One for lynx and lynx cat.

One for cougar, panther and lion.

The baits are put up in two different sized jars, with rubber seals:

One pint and illustrated book included, \$2.75.

One quart and illustrated book included, \$3.75.

Illustrated books without bait sell for 75c each. No bait sold without the book. When you have one of my trapper's books, and

are making an order for bait, deduct 50c from list price. All baits and guides will be sent prepaid by insured parcel post. Send money by post office or express money order, or your check certified by your banker. I will accept furs of any kind, where you haven't the money, and pay the difference in cash.

I also purchase beaver's casters and the oil stone of the beaver; skunk oil and skunk musk; the musk of coyotes, wolves, mink, fisher, lynx, lynx cat, cougar, panther and lion—to be paid for in bait. This plan will give us a medium of exchange without money. I have often seen the time when I had several hundred dollars worth of furs and not one dollar in money; such might be the case with you.

When taking caster sacks from beaver, cut around the sacks, allowing considerable flesh to come with the sacks. You will know the caster sacks as they are a long flat form and contain a yellow substance and are grown together at the small or vent end. Clean the flesh off the sacks, cut a small hole in the large end to allow them to drain, hang them on a cord to let dry.

You will know the oil stones as they lay by the side of the caster sacks and are a long round shape containing a white oily substance. Clean the stones of all flesh and tie the small or vent end, hang up and let dry.

When taking the musk from the skunk, tie the vent end of the sacks, cut around, being careful not to cut the sacks. Remove the fat and flesh, hang on cord and let dry. Remove the musk of the mink in the same way.

When removing the musk from wolf, coyote, fisher, lynx, lynx cat, cougar, panther or lion, cut around the vent, allowing considerable flesh to come with the vent. Clean off the fat, being careful not to cut the glands. Hang on a cord and let dry.

All scents can be carried by mail except skunk; it must be placed in a Mason jar with a rubber seal and sent by express.

When your different musk is well cured and dried, pack them separate and state what you are sending. This is very necessary as it will not do to get the scents mixed.

I know there are many good trappers that can make their own scent bait, but these fellows that never trapped a day in their lives that are trying to sell scent baits, know for a certainty they are selling you bait for the money, not to attract animals. No one is reliable to compound scents to attract animals except an experienced trapper, and many trappers are too careless to compound good scent baits.

Should I, or any one else, induce you to buy scent baits that will not attract the animal, we would not only be wronging you out of your money, but your valuable time as well while you were trying the bait. Any bait that will not attract the animal will frighten him. The bait is placed on each side of the trail so the animal will get the scent of it regardless of the way the wind is blowing.

Good scent baits, properly compounded, are far superior to flesh baits, will attract the animal whether he is hungry or not. My scents will hold the scent when exposed for a week or two, and will keep from year to year as they are packed in the Mason fruit jar with a



rubber seal.

Why lose your time trying to make bait?—better let Dad make it.

My reason for not giving the recipes to make these baits is that there is not one person out of a thousand that is careful enough to make good scent baits. It takes even more than a chemist to compound a good, reliable bait that will last and not mould or spoil. Besides, the trapper, whether he is a professional or amateur, will lose more trying to make his own baits. The baits should be made commercially, by an experienced trapper, something you can depend upon. It will only take one or two furs to buy all the bait you need.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW TO MAKE TRAPPING PROFITABLE

If you wish to trap beaver, otter, mink, raccoon or muskrat you should have a row boat and an outboard motor, and a small scow, say 10x16 feet, with a comfortable room to live in. Trap the water courses, using your row boat to set traps and to move your scow from place to place as you catch the animals out.

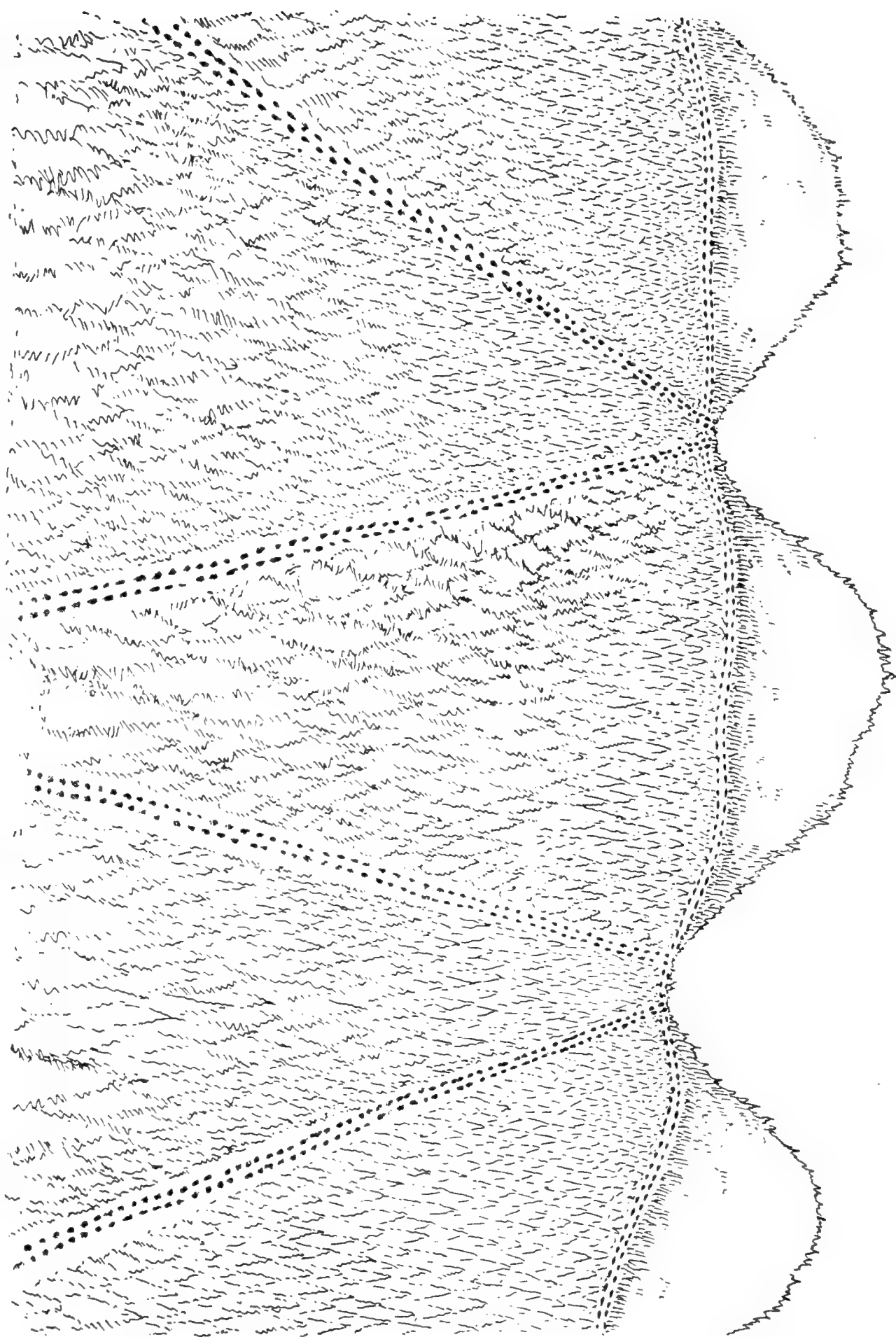
Should you trap coyotes, wolves, fishers, martin, lynx, lynx cat, fox, cougar, lion, panther, bear—go to the mountains in the fall of the year and look out your trapping ground and build a cabin at the upper end of your trap line—then go down your line say five or ten miles and build a cabin. Then build one near the snow line. Pack in your supplies on burros leaving some supplies at each cabin. When you reach the upper cabin, turn your burros loose; as the snow comes they will go down the mountains themselves.

Start your trapping at the upper cabin and as the snow drives the animals to a lower altitude, make you a sled out of poles, load it with your outfit and slide down to the second cabin. If the mountain is very steep you can rough lock your sled; in extremely steep places you can use a rope. Take one wrap around a tree and make the end fast to the back end of your sled and snub it down. When the main snow comes, move down to the lower cabin, near the snow line; there trap until the snow begins to melt and the animals begin to go up the mountain. Hunt up your burros and follow the animals. During the spring and summer you can fish trout and look out the best places to trap, build snow sheds, etc.

If you are a farmer and have to stay close to home, build your snow sheds, look out for the best sets, and catch all the animals that pass through your trap line. It is a good idea to take the animals by storm, that is to say, cover all good sets with plenty of traps. As soon as the animals find out you are trapping them they will leave; when you see this, move your outfit unless you are where the animals are traveling or drifting. Remember—when an animal is attracted by bait and caught in a trap and pulls off a toe or foot, he will never go to the same scented bait again, and will warn his companions. Therefore, use good traps and plenty of them.

CHAPTER XX.
ILLUSTRATIONS—TRAP SETS

The dotted line shows how the animals' trails run through the mountains. You will note they invariably pass through the saddles in the main mountain. The saddles and on the trails near the saddles of a mountain range is the place to look for signs and set traps.



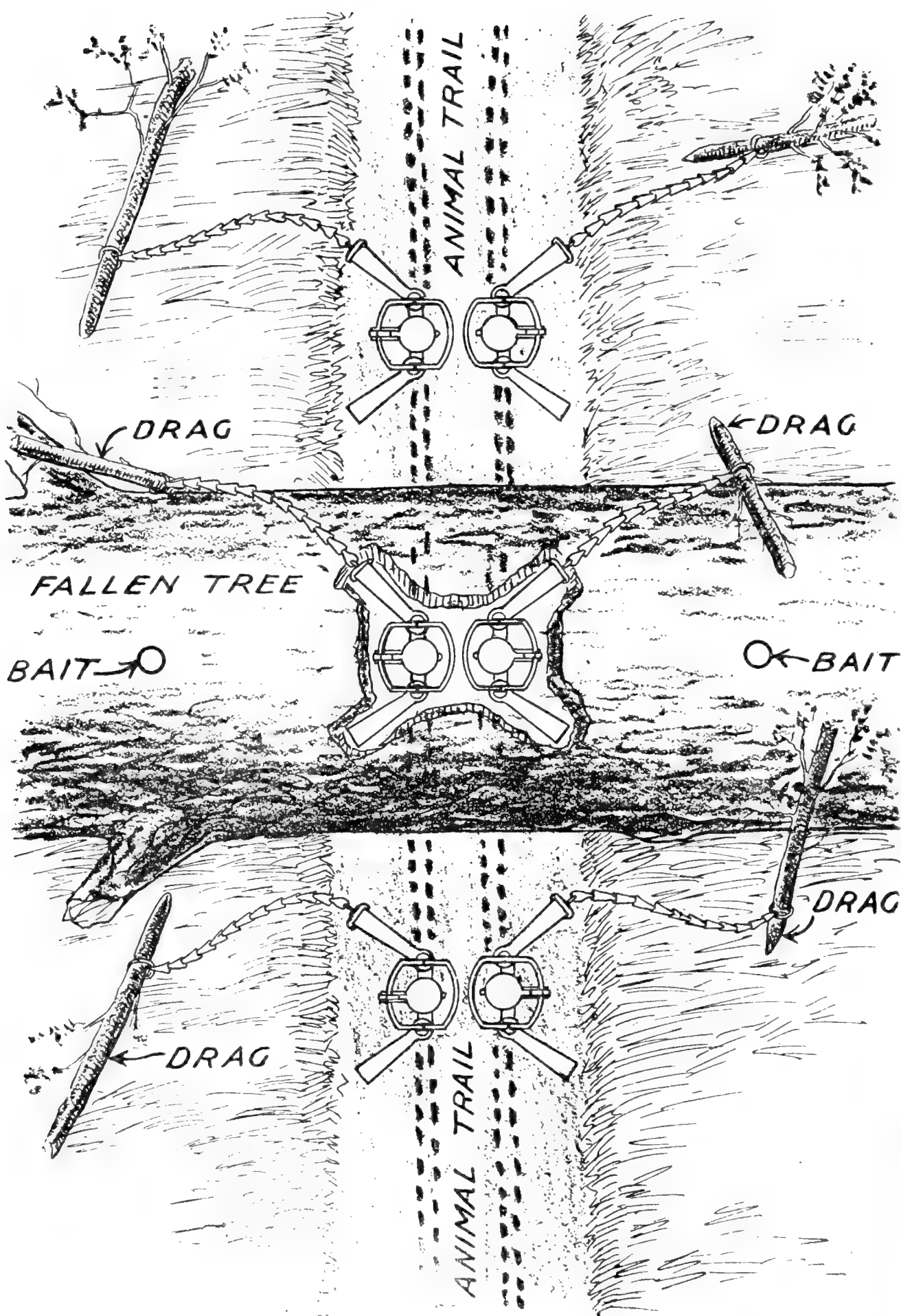
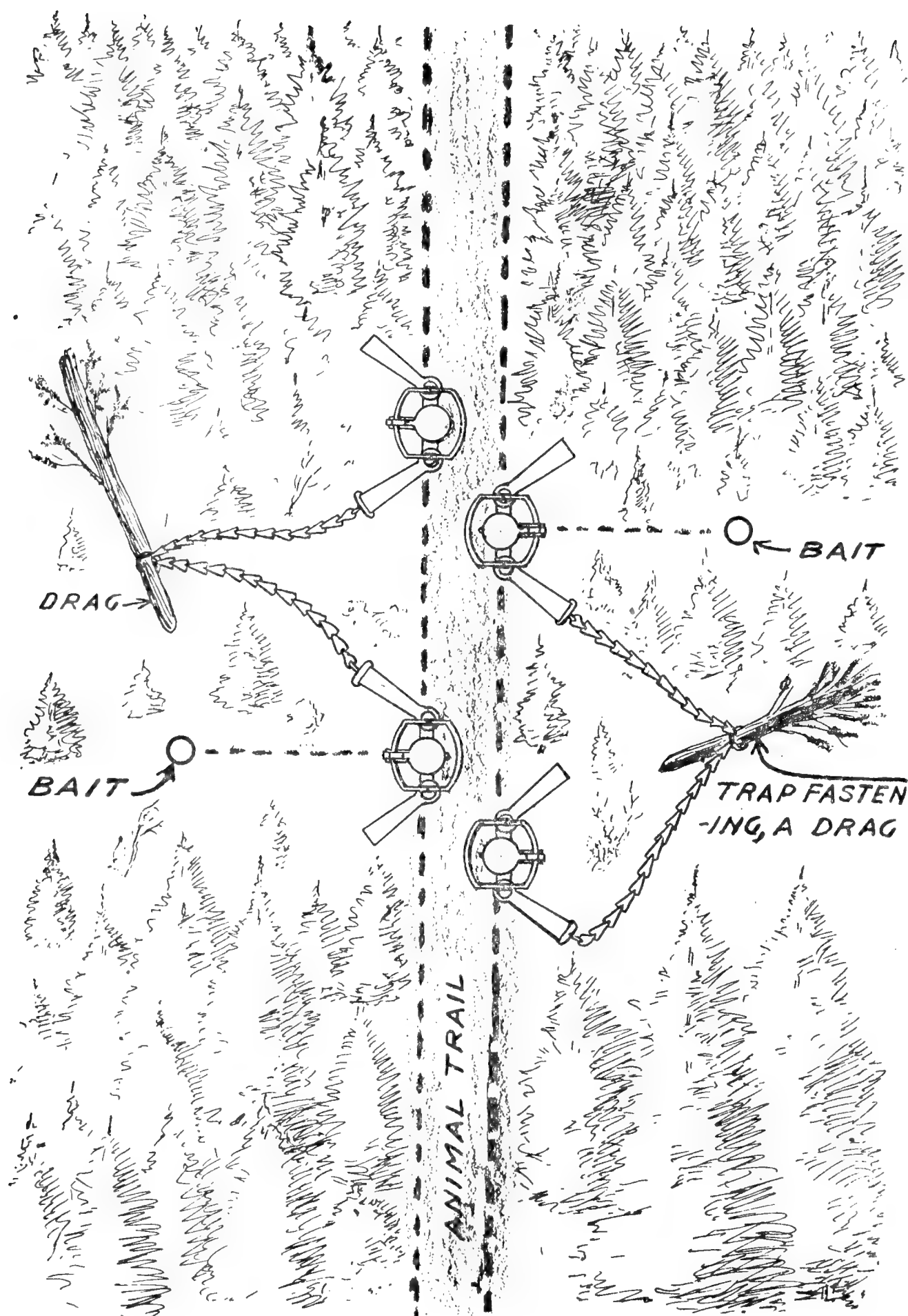
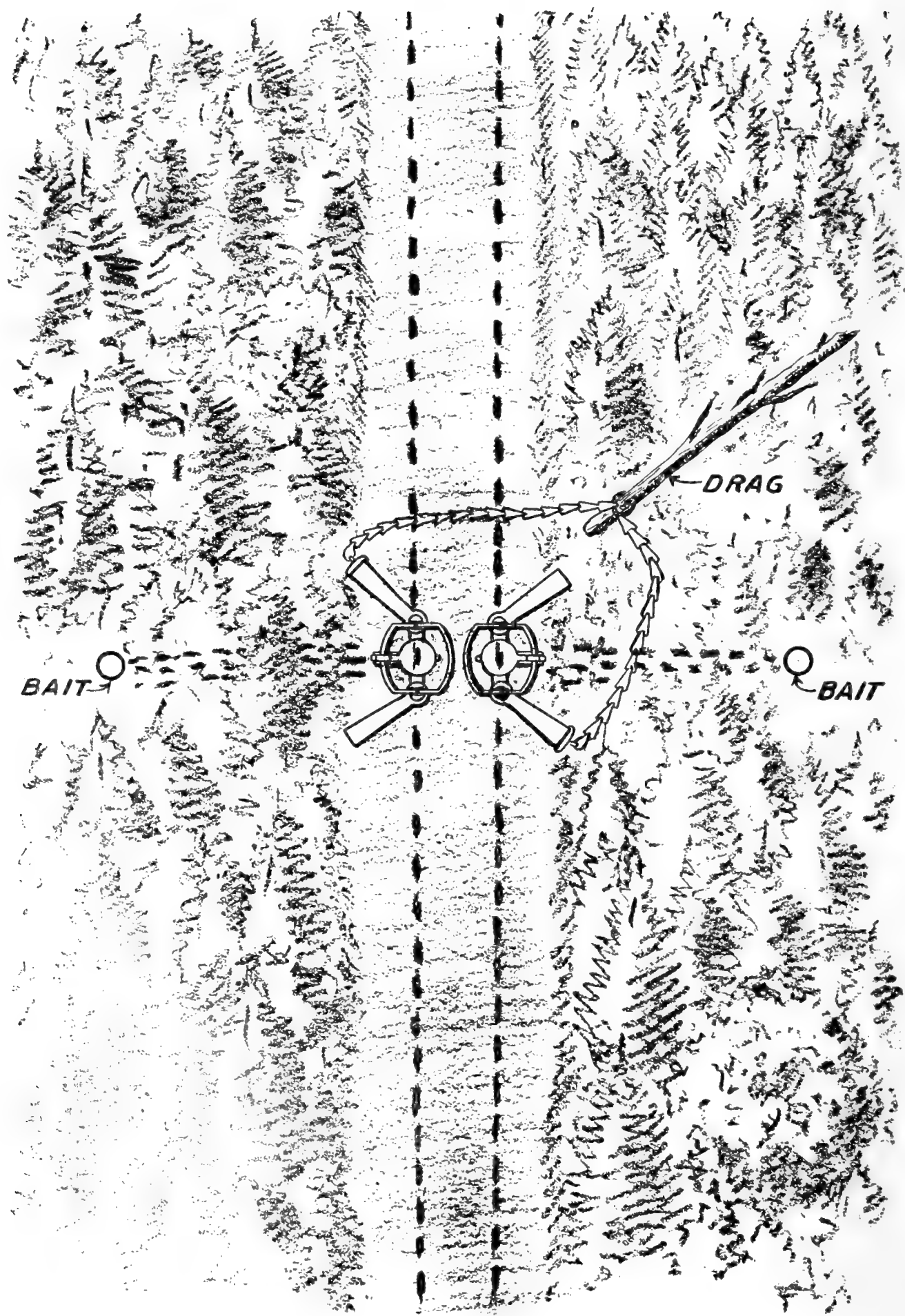


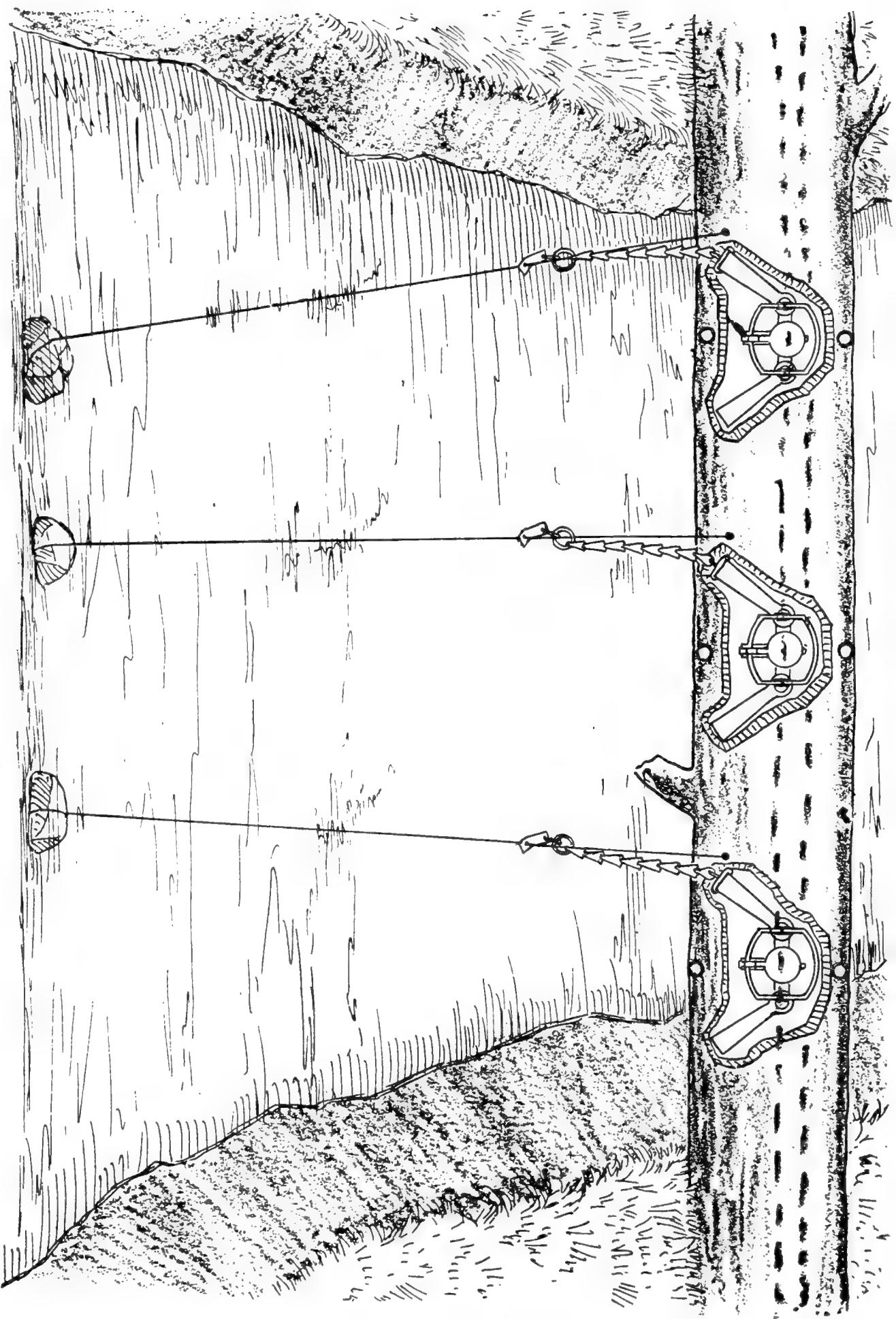
Illustration shows where a tree has fallen across an animal trail, with a six trap set. Two traps on each side of log and two on top of the log. These traps are fastened to brush drags and the bait is placed on top of the log, three feet from the traps designated by white dots. The traps on the ground should be concealed with leaves and dirt, and the traps on the log should be concealed with moss, worm dust or pulverized rotten wood and the bait covered with a piece of bark. A set made in this way is a dead open and shut game for coyote, wolves, lynx, cougar and the like.



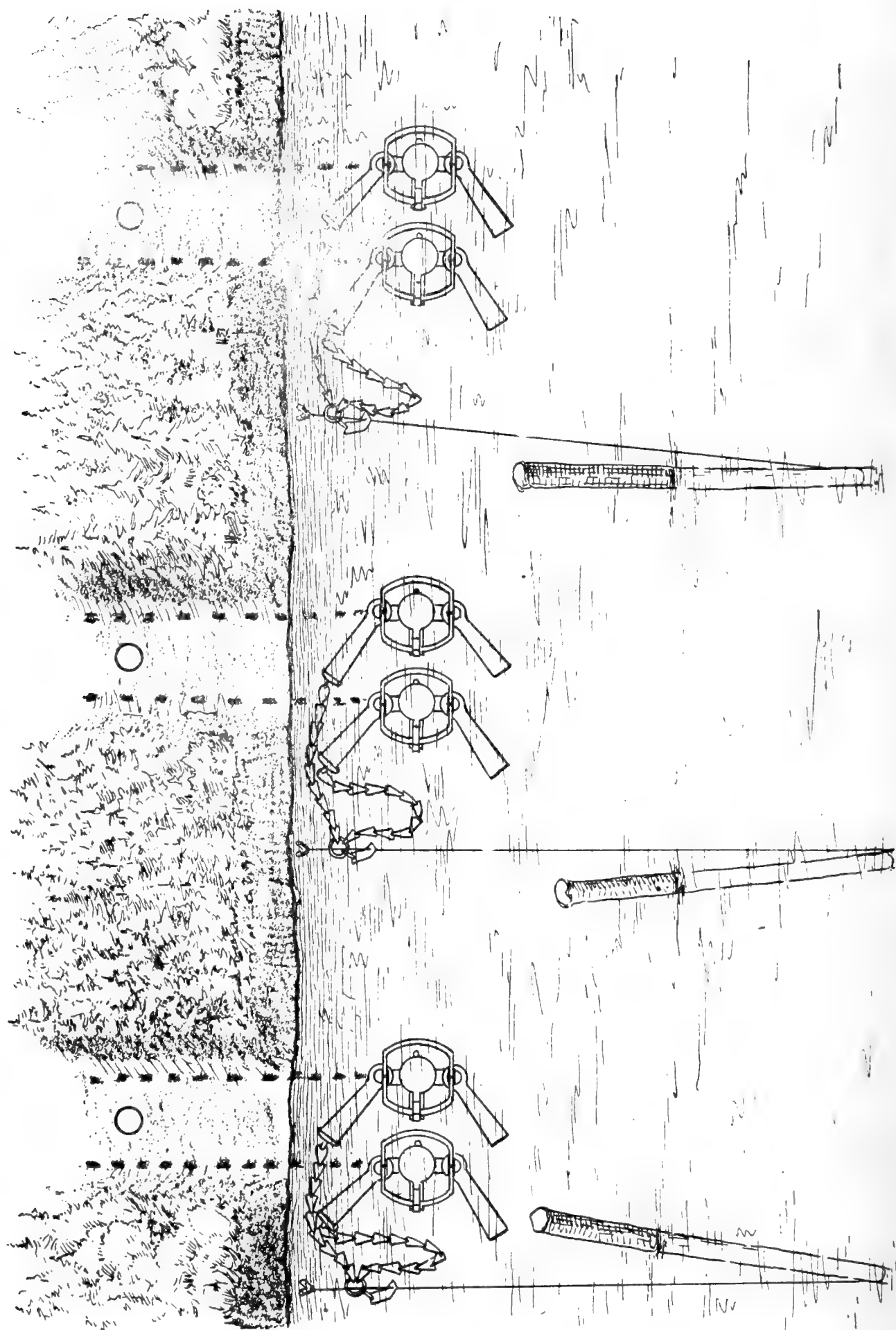
A four trap set in animal trail. Note the traps do not set in the center of the trail, but a little to one side of the center to allow for the spread of the animal's feet as he walks. The traps are fastened to brush drags. The bait is designated by two white dots on each side of the trail. You will note the traps are worked in pairs. Fine for wolves, coyotes, lynx, cougar and the like.



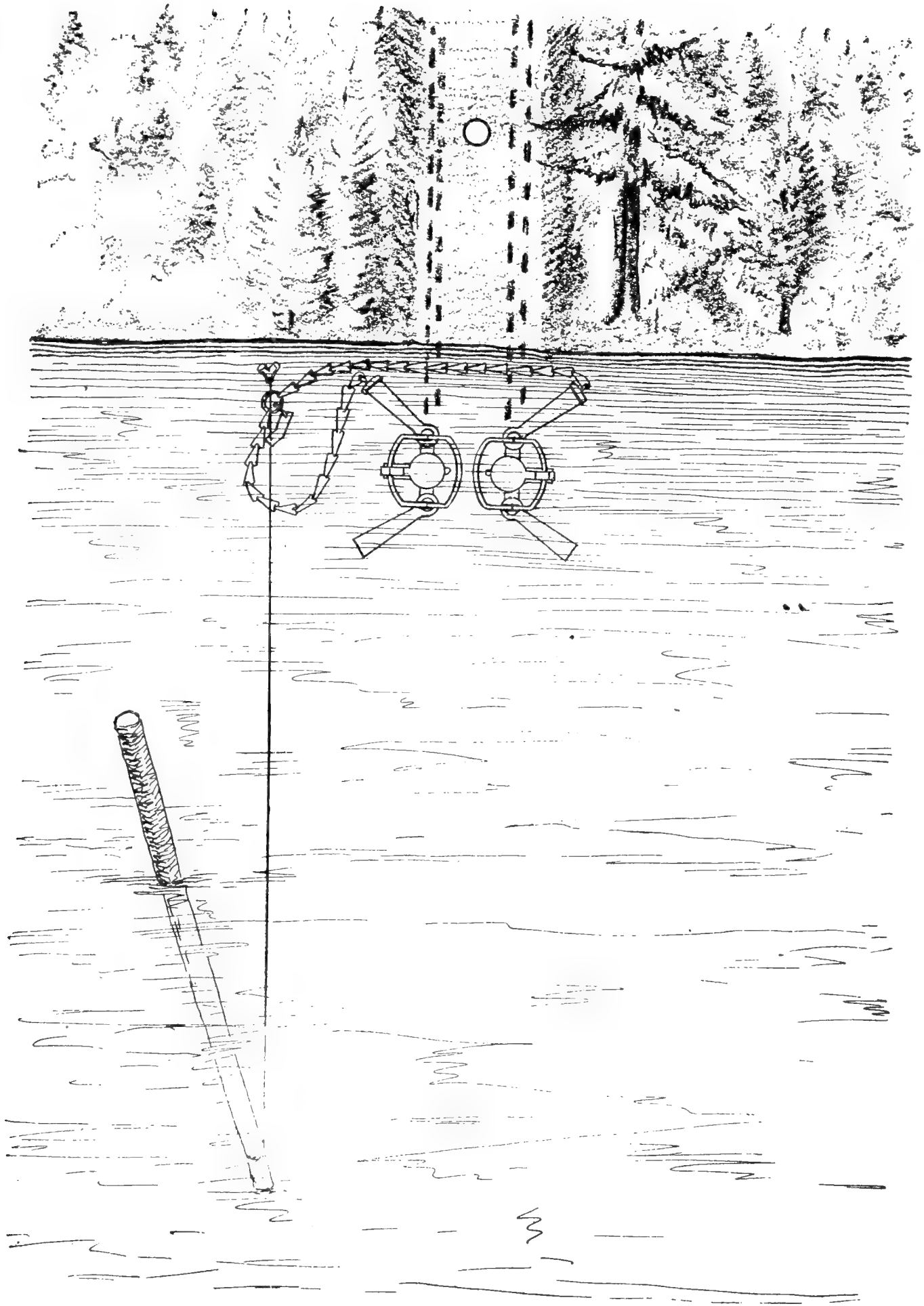
The two trap set for fox, lynx cat, fisher, coon, martin and the like, made fast to brush drag. Bait shown by two white dots on each side of the trail.



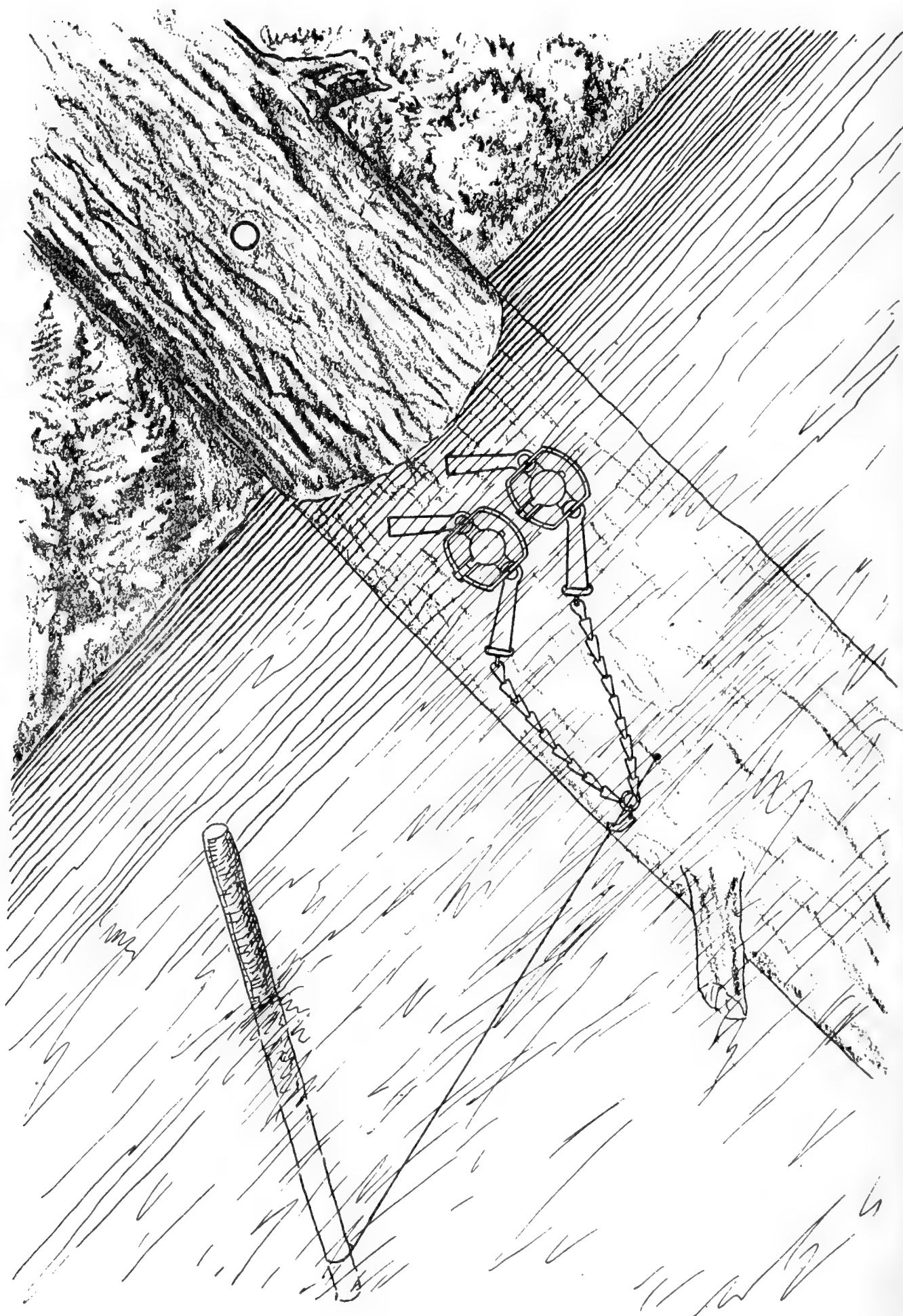
A crossing log, a tree fallen across a stream, is a natural bridge for animals to cross and is one of the best sets for wolf, coyotes, fox, lynx, lynx cat, coon, mink, martin, fisher, in fact all dry land animals. Conceal the traps with moss, or worm dust, or rotten wood pulverized. Place bait opposite the trap on the log, as shown by the white dots, and make wire fast to the log. If you are using a boat you can use stakes for the water fastening or rock for weights. You should set several traps on such logs, as each animal will drown as soon as caught and the next one will not be aware of his presence.



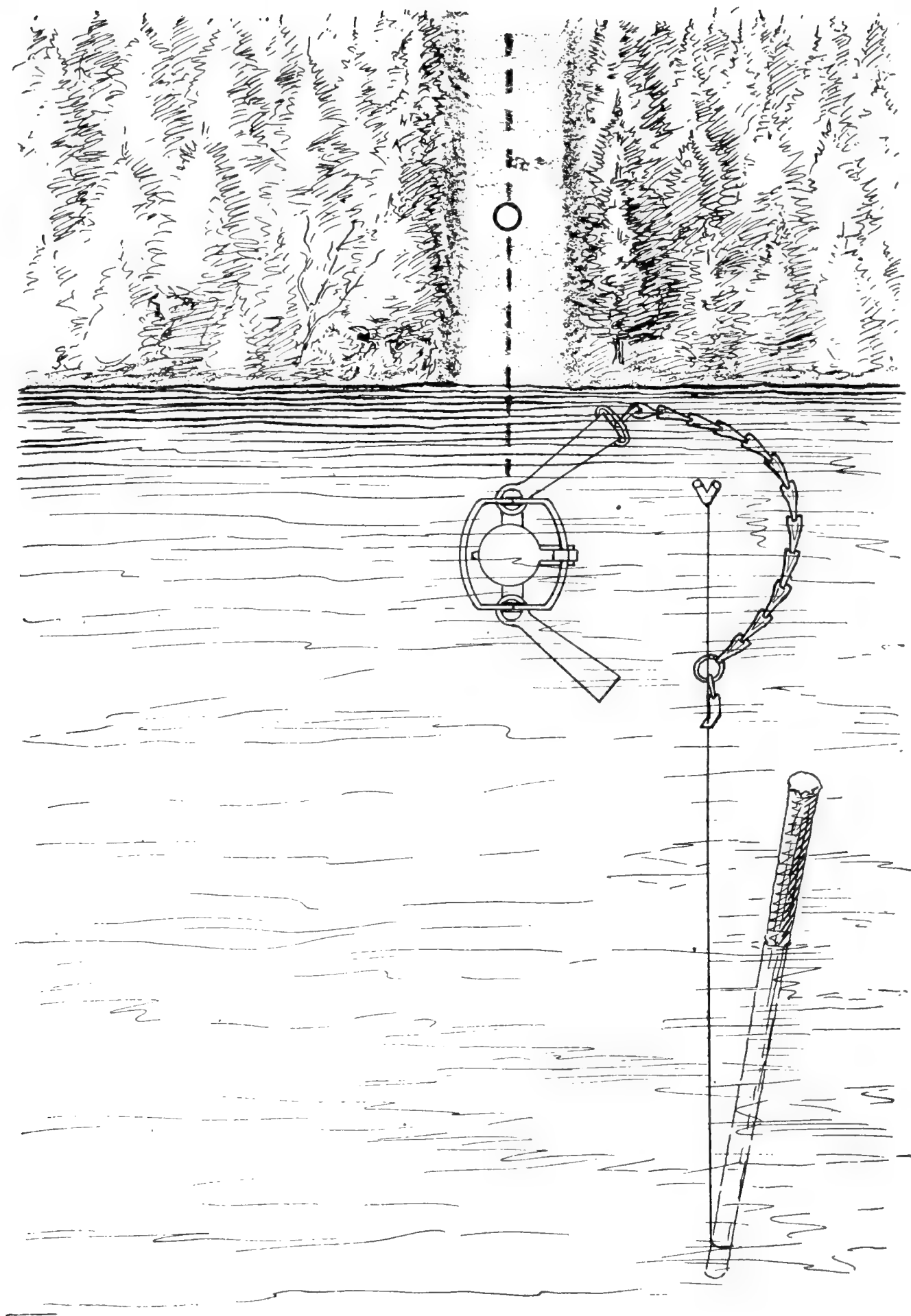
A six trap set for otter on streams or lakes. The center pair of traps are on the otter's natural slide. The two above and below the center set are on slides you must make yourself that resemble the natural slide. The bait is indicated by white dots about three feet from your traps on the bank. The traps are made fast with a wire, two stakes and my drowning clutch. All this should be well concealed and leave no scent of yourself.



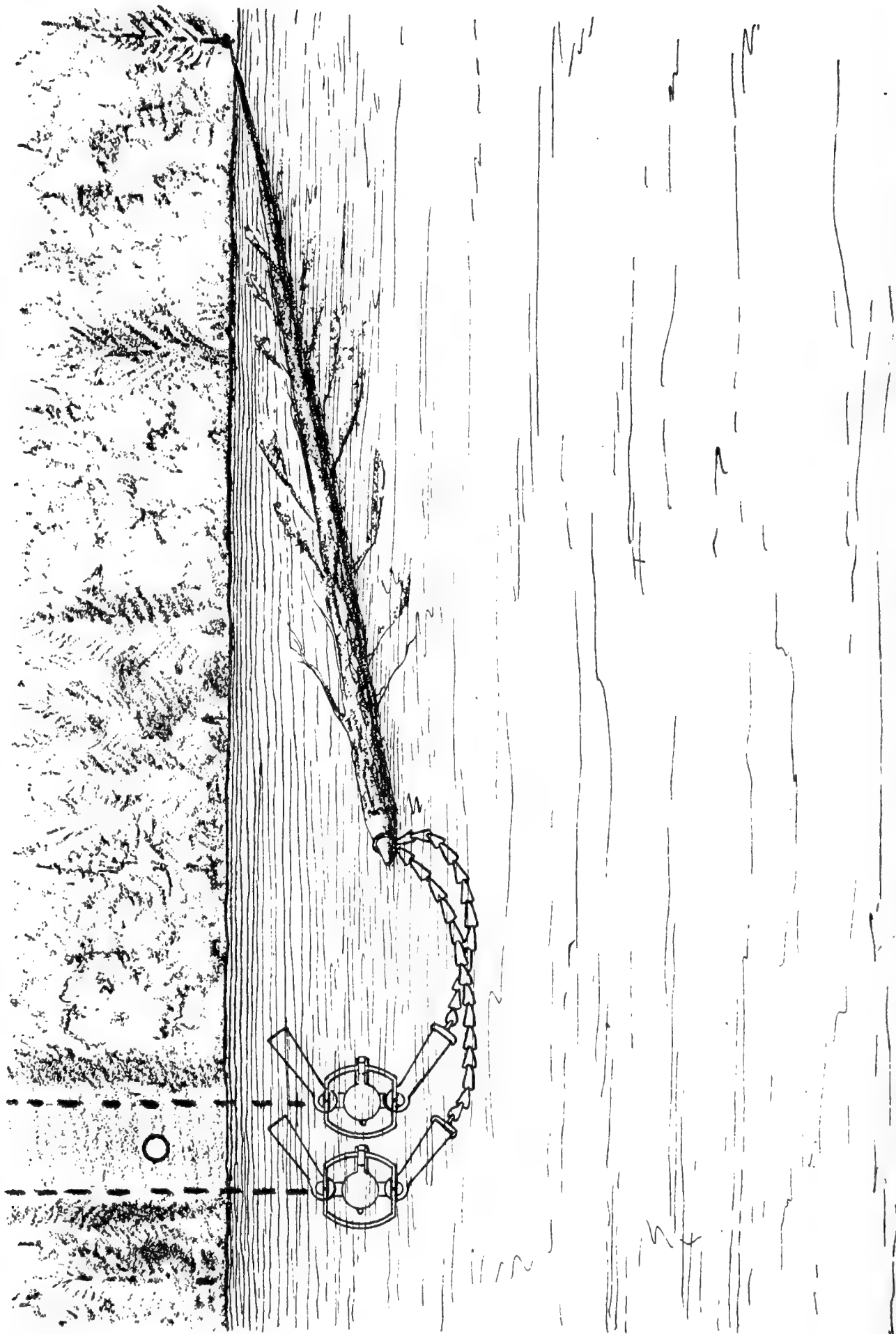
A two trap set for beaver or otter on the bank of a stream or lake. A wire, two stakes used as a fastening.



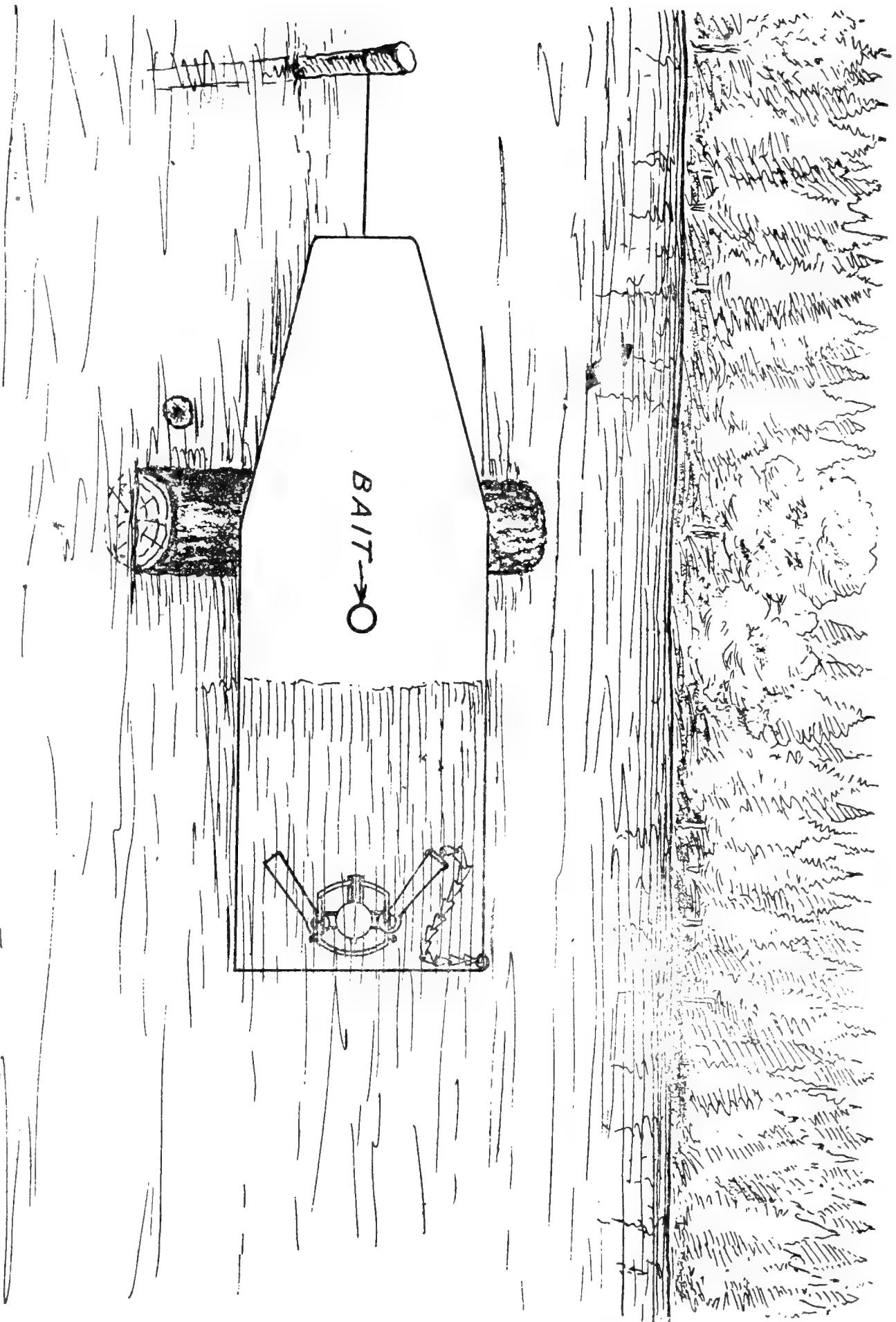
A two trap set made on a tree that has fallen into a stream or lake. The set is for otter or beaver. The bait is placed three feet from the traps above the water line. The traps are made fast to the wire with my drowning clutch, the wire made fast to log with staple or nail, and the lower end to a stake or weight. This is a fine set for beaver or otter, and very good for mink and muskrat.



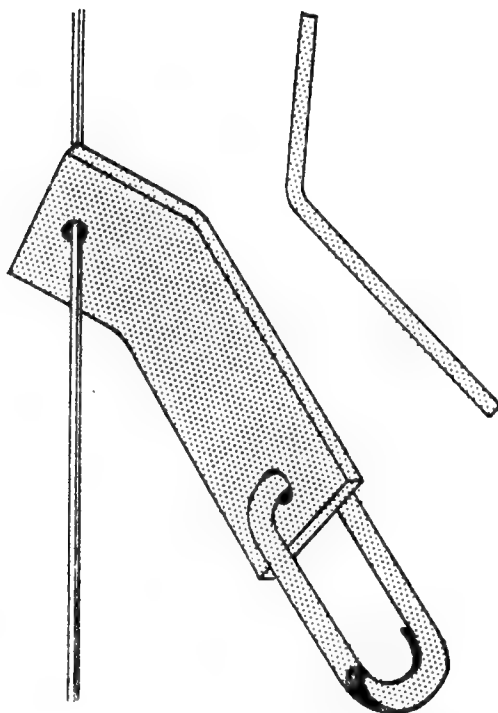
A one trap set for beaver or muskrat.



A two trap set for beaver or otter, a small tree is made fast to the bank and the traps are made fast to the butt end, which should be up stream. When the animal is caught he will pull the tree out of place and it will swing down stream and drown him. This is old style but will do the work.



A muskrat float anchored to a stake, the trap set on the end that is under the water and the bait on the dry end, about one foot from the trap.



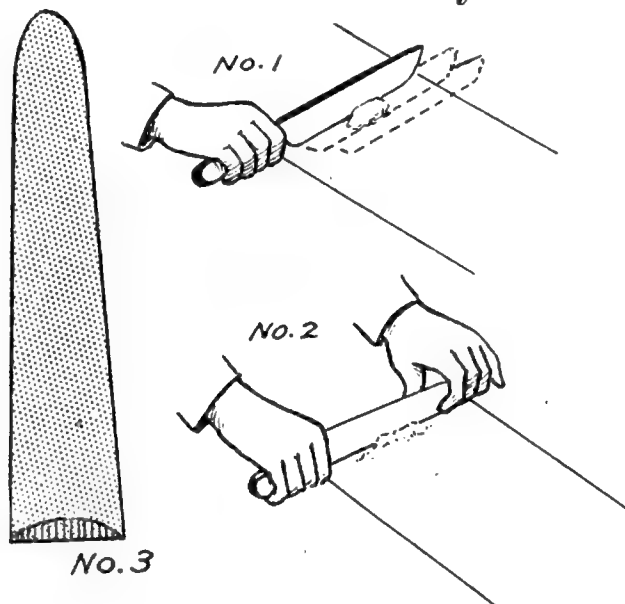
THE DROWNING CLUTCH AND HOW TO USE IT

The clutch is made out of iron or steel. It is one-half inch wide, three inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Bore a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch hole in each end. Bend one inch at an angle of 45 degrees. Attach the long end to your trap chain, the short end is to operate on the wire as shown in illustrations. You can have the clutch made by your blacksmith or order them from me at 12½ cents each. This clutch is operated on a bailing wire or small galvanized wire. It will slide down the wire but will not slip back. The best thing of its kind.

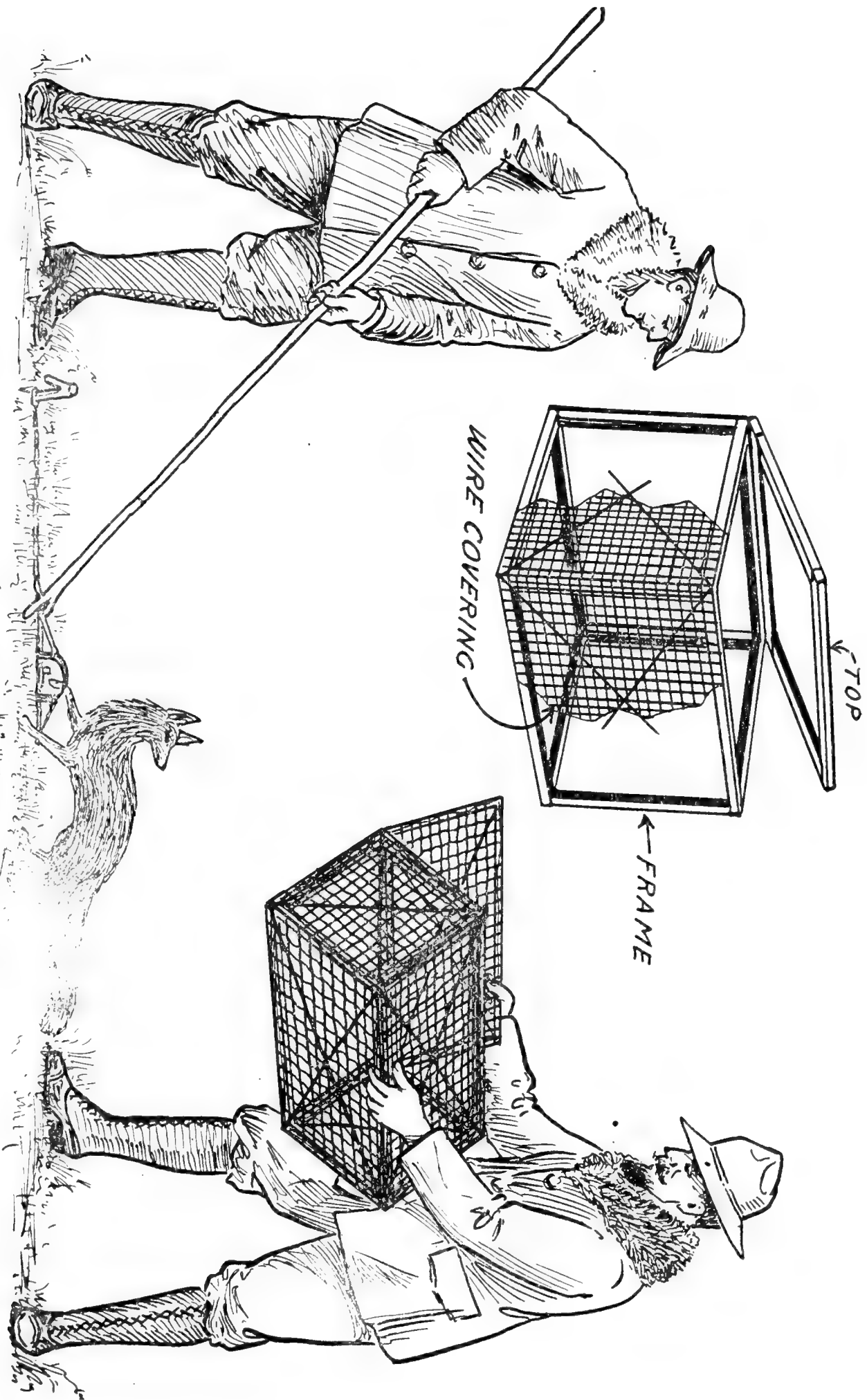
THE PELTING KNIFE AND BOARD

Make the board out of one or two inch lumber, take off two corners and round the board on one side, leaving a perfectly smooth surface.

The pelting knife is simply a large butcher knife, with the back ground square, which forms two sharp edges. Use the cutting edge first as shown in No. 1 to remove the principal fat and flesh, being careful not to cut the face of the skin. This done, reverse the knife and use the back to scrape off the grease and fat, as shown in No. 2. Don't press hard on the knife, using the back—if you do you will destroy the roots of the hair and fur. This done, wipe the skin with a cloth, turn fur side out and let the fur dry and stretch as described.



A CAGE TO TAKE ANIMALS OUT OF TRAPS ALIVE



A CAGE TO TAKE ANIMALS OUT OF TRAPS ALIVE

One man places a forked stick over the trap chain where it joins the trap and pins the trap to the ground. This will hold the animal at one point until his partner can throw the cage over the animal. This done, turn the cage, allowing the lid to partly close, pull the trap through one corner of the cage, release the animal and shut the door.

The cage is simply a long square box with a lid, made of netted wire $\frac{1}{2}$ inch mesh. Make the frame first and cut the wire the length of the frame, make it fast to the frame on the outside and place the cross braces on the outside of wire.

Make a cage for fox three feet long, one foot wide.

For lynx, coyote or wolf, four feet long, two feet wide.

THREE NECESSARY STRETCHES

No. 1 is the shape to make all boards to stretch cased hides on except the raccoon, which is special. Boards for coyote, wolf, lynx, should be from eight to ten inches wide, five feet long. Boards for otter, fox, lynx cat, fisher, six or eight inches wide, six feet long. Boards for mink, martin and small animals from four to six inches wide, two feet long. The thinner the board the better.

No. 2 is shaped six inches on one corner for raccoon only. Place the belly edge on the sloping side and cut the skin off when dry, on the belly side. This leaves the skin a long square.

No. 3 is a hoop in which to stretch beaver. This is done by placing the skin inside the hoop and lace the skin to the hoop.

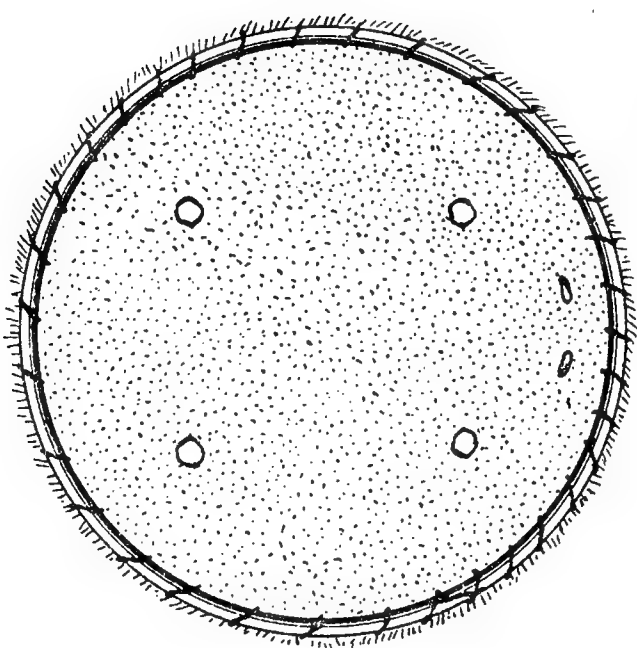
No. 4 is a wedge used when stretching on No. 1. This wedge is slipped on belly side, between the board and skin, to stretch the skin. When the skin is cured remove the wedge and that will give slack to the skin which will enable you to remove it from the board. Stretch all skins flesh side out.

Hang all skins in the shade in a dry, airy place while curing them. If blow flies are around look to see they do not blow your skins. Keep them away with smoke until the skins are safe.

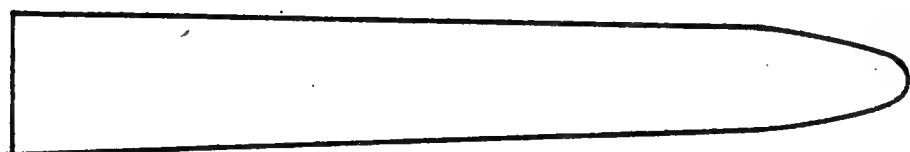
No. 2



No. 3



No. 1



No. 4



CHAPTER XXI.

RAISING FUR BEARING ANIMALS OF ALL KINDS IS NOW PROFITABLE

Locate your animals where feed is cheap and plentiful—make their home as near their nature home as you can.

If you want to raise mink or otter, locate where there are plenty of fish. If you want to raise fox, coyote, wolf, fisher or martin, locate near a city where you can get waste from hotels, butcher shops, slaughter houses, etc. Skunk and opossum can also be raised successfully. The best place to raise them is on an island; if you have them surrounded by water they will not swim to get away. If the island overflows you should build them houses on posts or piling, that is, above the high water mark.

To make a home for otter or mink you should get a natural pond or lake and fence it in so they can't escape; the water should be fresh and clean and supplied with fish and crawfish. You can build a log raft if you have no pond or lake, and use copper or brass wire between the logs to prevent the animals from escaping. This raft should be completely fenced in with woven wire and covered overhead. The water that raises between the logs will answer for live boxes for your fish and the animals can catch them at will. Make them small shelters, or houses, to live in.

In making homes for dry land animals such as fox, fisher, wolves or coyotes, fence in a place where the animals can have fresh running water at all times.

You should dig ditches, say 18 to 24 inches deep, cover the ditch with boards and cover the boards with dirt taken out of the ditch. This will make dens for the animals from which they will make many more to their liking. You should separate the males from the females when they are having young and keep them separate until the young are weaned.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GIST OF TRAPPING

First locate your trapping ground where there are animals to trap. Buy the best make of traps.

The No. 2 double spring Newhouse is my favorite trap for otter, coyote, wolf, raccoon, fox and lynx cat. No. 4 for beaver. No. 6 with teeth for lynx, cougar, panther and lion. No. 15 offset jaws with teeth for bear. No. 1½ for mink, muskrat, skunk and opossum.

Cleanse your traps at least once a month. Rake a pile of leaves;

tie your traps in bunches, set the leaves on fire and keep your traps moving in the blaze until thoroughly smoked, being careful not to heat them too hot so as to affect the temper in the springs. Drop them after this in running water and wash off the scent of smoke and let dry.

Make blind sets for all animals so perfect that the eye cannot detect the set. A blind set is made in the trails or logs on which the animals travel and the bait is placed on each side of the trail the length of the animal you are trapping for. Cover the bait with a few leaves or a piece of bark to protect from rain or sunshine. When making a log set you should notch the log to receive your trap and conceal it with moss or pulverized rotten wood or worm dust and place your bait opposite trap on each side of log on the log. You can use dirt and leaves for a covering, though it is not best.

When making sets for beaver or otter set your traps on their trails from six to ten inches under the water and make trails and slides that resemble the natural trails and slides made by the animals. Conceal traps and stakes well. Place bait two or three feet from the traps in the trail on the bank and cover to protect from rain and sunshine. Wear rubber gloves when handling your traps and keep your hands free from sweat or odor of any kind. Wear rubber boots when setting your traps and running your trap line.

Don't allow your breath to come in contact with anything when making a trap set. When your face is near the ground or log, hold your breath or breathe easy. Don't track the animals' trails with your track and avoid dragging yourself against brush while setting and running your trap line. When water is handy, wet the set after you have made it. Avoid all scent of yourself.

To conceal the trap with moss, cut a piece the size of the inside circumference of your trap when set, place this moss over the trap and then join this moss with other moss, covering the trap completely and allow the covering to extend beyond the trap for some distance. The moss should stand upright as though it grew there, to conceal a trap with dirt, pulverized or worm dust, place large flat leaves over the trap, then cover the leaves with the rotten wood, worm dust or dirt. The inside covering should not extend over the jaws of the trap. It should fall inside the trap when sprung. The covering and the outside will be thrown out when the trap is sprung, leaving the trap clear.

My scent baits are used to attract and check and incite the animal's curiosity until he steps on the trap, and are placed on each side of the trail opposite the traps. This is done to enable the animals to scent the bait, regardless of the way the wind is blowing. Two traps set together on the same set doubles your chance to catch the animal.

T. ALEXANDER,

Linnton, Oregon.

JUST A MOMENT, READER

Linnton, Oregon, is the front door of Portland, no "Hill Billy Town".

I am prepared to sell you boys anything in the way of steel traps, drowning clutches, rubber gloves, boots, waterproof coats, slickers, tents and fish nets of any kind.

I can mail you such things by parcel post. Send for prices.

When you trappers come to Portland, drop around to see Dad. The latch string hangs on the outside, adjoining post office.

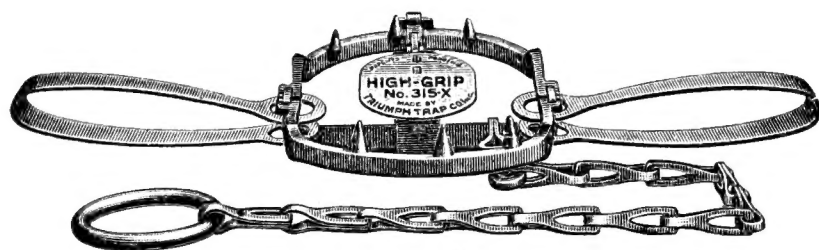
Yours very truly,

T. ALEXANDER.

Steel Game Traps

FOR THE
TRAPPER

High Grip, Plain or Tripple Clutch
Newhouse and Triumph Traps
Kangaroo or Jump Traps
Newhouse Bear Traps



Remington, Winchester, Savage, Marlin,
Stevens and Hamilton Rifles
and CARTRIDGES to fit.

Duxbak Outing Clothing, Alligator Featherweight
Rain Clothing, Rubber Clothing or Tan
Sheeting. Rubber Boots and Packs. Outing Shirts

HIGH GRADE FISHING TACKLE

Honeyman Hardware Co

Portland's Largest Hardware and Sporting Goods Store
PARK AT GLISAN STREET

